

The

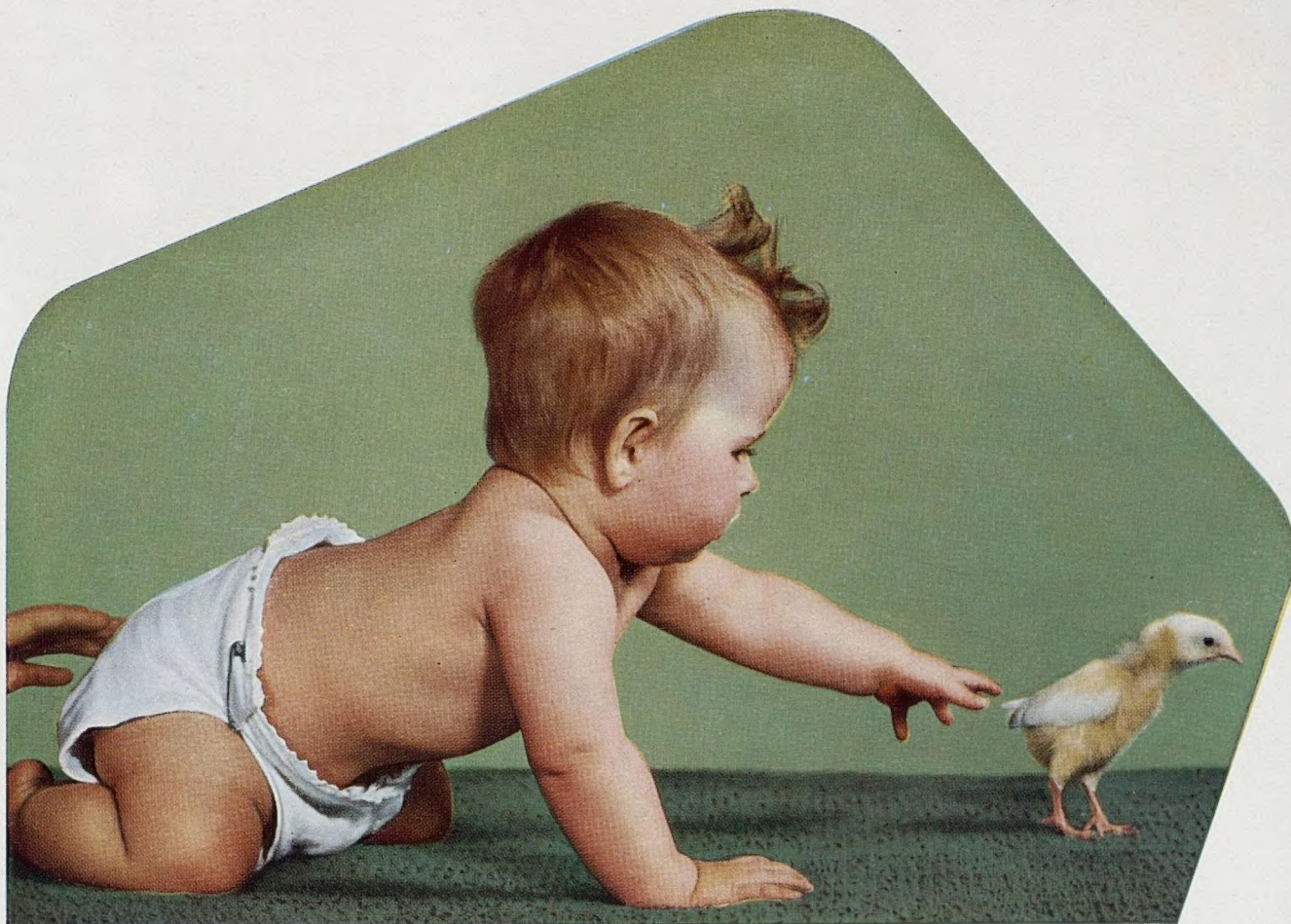


# TATLER

& BYSTANDER

AUGUST 8, 1956  
TWO SHILLINGS

LADY BETHAM AND SUZANNE



## *Which came first....?*

Baby is not in the least bit interested in the classical example of indecision—which came first, the chicken or the egg! She knows nothing of the egg, but she can see the chicken. Although mothers may not give a thought to the vast amount of scientific research and painstaking testing

which ensures the perfection of Cow & Gate Milk Food they, like baby, believe the evidence of their own eyes.

How stimulating and encouraging it is for wise mothers who have pinned their faith, like so many Royal Mothers, on Cow & Gate, to watch their babies grow into fine, healthy, happy children with that right royal Cow & Gate look! Cow & Gate Milk Food has now been the choice of wise mothers for over half a century—three generations of babies. This coupled with the fact that no less than fourteen Royal Babies have been fed on this “King of foods and food of Kings” must mean something.

Can you do better for your baby? Buy a tin TODAY.

# **COW & GATE MILK FOOD**

*The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES*



5322



LADY BETHAM and her daughter Miss Suzanne Betham, whose photograph appears on the cover of *The TATLER* this week, are seen on the steps of Government House, Trinidad. Lady Betham is the wife of Sir Edward Betham, who was recently knighted on his appointment as Governor of Trinidad in succession to Sir Hubert Rance; Sir Edward had formerly spent three years as Governor in the Windward Isles. Miss Suzanne Betham has been staying with her parents in Trinidad, and is now on her way to Switzerland where she will study languages

Anne Bolt

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 8 to August 15

**Aug. 8 (Wed.) Golf:** International Swiss Amateur Championship, St. Moritz.

Dance: The Ryde Ball, Isle of Wight.

Cowes Yachting Week (second day of four).

Royal Dublin Horse Show (second day).

Irish National Sheepdog Championships at Castle Park, Bangor.

Hurlingham Croquet Tournament (third day).

Racing at Pontefract and Yarmouth (two days).

Exhibition: Britain in Watercolours, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street (to 28th).

**Aug. 9 (Thurs.) Agricultural and Horticultural Show** at Bakewell, Derbyshire.

The Royal Manx Agricultural Show, Isle of Man.

Motor Cycle Racing Ulster Grand Prix, Dundrod Circuit, Co. Antrim.

The Royal Yacht Squadron Cowes Week Ball.

**Aug. 10 (Fri.) National Pony Society's Jubilee Show** (two days) at Kempton Park.

Dances: Mr. John Courage for his daughter Angela in Yorkshire.

Buccleuch Hunt Summer Dance at Floors Castle, Kelso.

Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, the Buffs Depot, Canterbury.

Racing at Lewes, Newmarket and Redcar (two days).

Women's Amateur Athletic Association Championships at the White City.

**Aug. 11 (Sat.)** The Queen and Prince Philip will be accompanied by the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne on their tour of the Western Isles in the Royal yacht *Britannia*, which will sail from Barrow-in-Furness today and arrive at Leith on August 19. Princess Margaret and Princess

Andrew of Greece will be guests of the Queen in the yacht during the cruise.

Dances: The Bembridge Sailing Club Ball.

The Countess of Tankerville and Mrs. Home Robertson of Wedderburn, for their daughters Lady Corisande Bennett and Miss Elizona Home Robertson, at Paxton House, Berwickshire.

Mrs. Llewellyn Morgan for her daughter Miss Mary Morgan in Dublin.

Racing at Buckfastleigh and Leicester, Lewes and Redcar.

Motor Racing at Oulton Park.

**Aug. 12 (Sun.) Tennis:** Ladies v. St. Georges Hill at Hurlingham.

**Aug. 13 (Mon.)** Grouse shooting begins.

The Lincoln Rally of Boats (to 16th).

Racing at Folkestone and Nottingham (two days).

**Aug. 14 (Tues.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit Musselburgh, Midlothian, and receive the Freedom of the Burgh, which will also be conferred on her sister, Lady Elphinstone.

First night of *Measure For Measure* at Stratford-upon-Avon.

**Aug. 15 (Wed.)** H.R.H. Princess Anne's sixth birthday.

Croquet at Roehampton. Third Test Match, England v. New Zealand (two days).

Channel Islands Agricultural and Horticultural Shows at St. Martins, Guernsey, and at St. Helier, Jersey.

Brighton Horse Show and South of England Jumping Championships at Brighton (three days).

Racing at Beverley, Haydock Park and Salisbury.

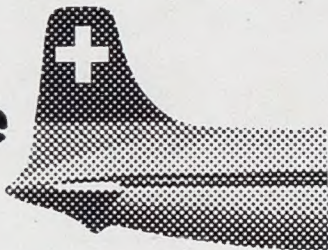
First night of *The Young And The Beautiful* at the Arts Theatre.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

POSTAGE: Inland 3d. Canada 14d. Foreign 24d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom

## Enjoy Swiss Care

FLY TO ISTANBUL  
BY DC-6B!



We are now operating three flights a week from London to Istanbul, via Zurich or Geneva. Take advantage of this Swissair service to make the journey in the luxurious comfort of a DC-6B—you will enjoy delicious food and wines, and you will receive that courteous personal attention which you expect of a Swiss hotel.

**LONDON/ISTANBUL**

**First Class Return £140. 3.0**

**Tourist Class Return £108. 18.0**

Ask your Travel Agent for further details of our services to the Middle East, including Beirut, Damascus, Tel Aviv, Cairo.



fly  
**SWISSAIR**

EUROPE • MIDDLE EAST • USA • SOUTH AMERICA

Offices in: LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, DUBLIN

CRC 164

Don't  
be Vague  
ask for  
**Haig**



MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED BY  
THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

No Finer Whisky Goes Into Any Bottle



Dress by Digby Morton



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS  
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD.

*Ford sets the fashion*

NOW MORE THAN EVER



'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING



ERIC COOP

## Two sisters from Hertfordshire

MISS PERDITA AND MISS PHYLLIDA PLOWDEN are the daughters of Lt.-Col. Piers Plowden, O.B.E., and Mrs. Piers Plowden, of Berden Hall, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire; they were both debutantes in Coronation year, and are now working in London.

Their father, who belongs to one of England's oldest Roman Catholic families, served in both world wars, and his elder son, Capt. Giles Plowden, is now with his old regiment, the Royal Scots Greys, while his younger son, Julian, is in the Inns of Court Regiment



Mr. Anthony Coleridge and Miss Everleigh Panter



Mr. C. Taylor-Young and Miss C. Fairfax-Ross

Mr. M. Pakenham and Miss Jane Butler-Henderson



## BALL WITH A FAIR AND FLORAL AIR

THE beautiful and spectacular decor at the ball given by Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley and Mrs. Harriet Fane for their daughters at the Hyde Park Hotel made it one of the outstanding dances of the season. The rooms were transformed by glittering figures of the Louis XIV period and bowers of flowers and fruit with a central tableau depicting "Invitation to the Dance." Above: Miss Miranda Rivers-Bulkeley and Miss Carol Fane, the two debutantes for whom the dance was given.

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

Miss Aurea Battiscombe was dancing with Mr. John Impey



Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg and Mr. Tony Boam





*Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley, a hostess,  
and Major H. H. Houldsworth*



*Miss Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack and  
Mr. John Aylmer*



*Mr. Christopher Hodson and Miss  
Alexandra MacLeod on the stairs*

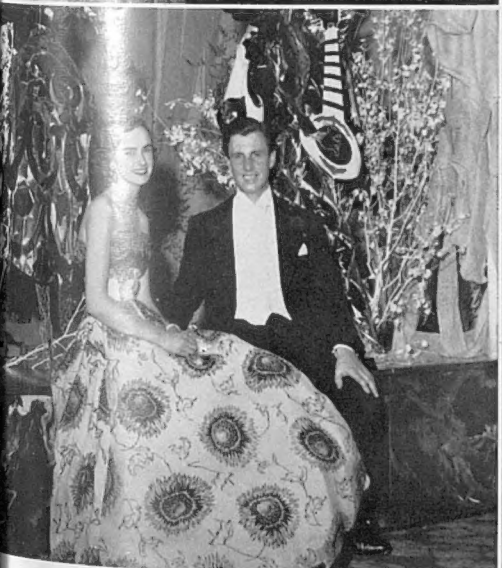
*The Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain and  
Mr. Julian Byng*



*Capt. E. Bonar Maurice and Mlle.  
Helene de Miramon*



*Mr. J. Macleod and Miss R. Gurney,  
Mr. P. Long and Miss S. Fass*



*The Hon. Mary Stopford, daughter of  
Lord Stopford, and Mr. Henry Villiers*



*Miss Anne Hope was escorted by  
Mr. Charles Bellord*



*Miss Tessa Milne was with Mr.  
Andrew McLaren*

## Social Journal

# A ROYAL AUDIENCE

**M**EMBERS of the Royal Family always take the keenest interest in the International Horse Show at the White City. On the opening night this year Prince Philip was there as well as young King Faisal of Iraq, and the Prince presented the golden spurs to members of our successful Olympic team. On the second night the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present and on the following evening—the Gala Performance—the Queen was there accompanied by Princess Margaret.

The highlight of that evening was the International jumping competition for the King George V Gold Challenge Cup. No fewer than twenty-six horses jumped in the final section of this competition, which for the first time was won by an American rider, Mr. William Steinkraus, captain of the U.S. Olympic team, the only competitor to complete a clear round; but what was more remarkable was that he completed two clear rounds on two horses, one his own horse Night Owl and the other on First Boy, owned by Mr. Samuel Magid of New York. With great sportsmanship he named First Boy as the winner of this blue riband of show jumping in Great Britain.

**H**ER Majesty, looking charming in a cool blue cocktail dress, presented the cup to Mr. Steinkraus and congratulated him on his success. She also presented the Queen Elizabeth II Cup to Miss Dawn Palethorpe, who had won it the previous evening on Earlsrath Rambler for the second year in succession. Earlier in the evening we had seen a very strong small hunter class which was won by Mr. Marmont on his Burrough Hills, also the Jig-Saw International Jumping competition, won by Miss Pat Smythe and Miss Dawn Palethorpe riding Carousel III and Holywell Surprise.

A tremendous number of spectators filled the seats all round the vast arena. Among those watching the show from the Royal Box with the Queen and Princess Margaret were the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Show, and the Duchess of Beaufort, his nephew Mr. David Somerset, Earl and Countess Fortescue and the Earl and Countess of Westmorland.

Others in the audience included Lord and Lady Burghley—he had been judging the Costers' Turnouts earlier in the evening. With them dining and watching the show were Sir Arthur and Lady Porrit. Nearby at another table the Home Secretary and Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George were dining with Mr. Frank Gentle, chairman and managing director of the White City, and Mrs. Gentle and their daughter.

**T**HE Duchess of Rutland was at one of the outside tables of the members' glass-fronted restaurant overlooking the arena, which were much in demand on a very warm evening. Here I also saw Lady George Scott, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Mr. John Smith, Mr. Gosling and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Weatherby. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilbey were in a party with Major W. S. Mackenzie, one of the directors of the White City; Mr. Gilbey's father Mr. Sebastian Gilbey won the Coaching Marathon Championship on the previous evening with a very fine team of bays. Mr. Sebastian Gilbey, who is a very fine whip, drives this team from his home to the head office of the family wine business several mornings a week.

Judge Wylie, the wizard of the Dublin Show, was there with his daughter, and others in the big audience included the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Petre with Mr. and Mrs. Bonsor, G/Capt. Walter Wilson who had a party, Major and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, Lady Biddulph and the Hon. Edward Biddulph, Mrs. Bill Hanson and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, who scored a tremendous success at the show by not only winning the Hack Championship on her own Blythe Spirit but also by riding the winners of all three Hack classes.



Barry Swaebe

MISS NICHOLA CAYZER, elder daughter of Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer, is seen with her fiancé, Mr. Michael Colvin, on the balcony of her parents' flat in Eaton Square. Mr. Colvin is the elder son of Capt. Ivan B. Colvin, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Colvin, of Foyle, Basingstoke, and is at present serving in the Grenadier Guards

MISS VALERIE BARBOR is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Barbor and the niece of Vice-Admiral A. G. V. Hubback, C.B., C.B.E. Miss Barbor is one of this year's debutantes, and had a dance given for her in June



Hartup

MISS SUSAN MILNE, who is seen with her poodle Adelina Patti, is a debutante this year. She is the daughter of Mr. D. H. Milne, of Lower Dean House, Northleach, Gloucestershire

Hay Wrightson



Harrods

MISS TERESA WAUGH is the daughter of novelist Evelyn Waugh and Mrs. Waugh, of Piers Court, Stinchcombe, Glos. She was presented at Court in March and shared a dance last month with Lady Christina McDonnell and Miss Susan Baring



Jennifer

## FOR THE HORSEMEN

This International Horse Show at the White City is always one of the biggest and best events of the season, and this year's may be summed up by saying that it was perhaps more successful than ever.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a most original and entertaining party to inaugurate the opening of the new Roof Garden Suites and the Pavilion Room at the Dorchester. Guests were able to stroll through and look at the four magnificent and unique suites built on the ninth floor, all with their private gardens overlooking the green expanse of Hyde Park, which will be a haven for visitors to London.

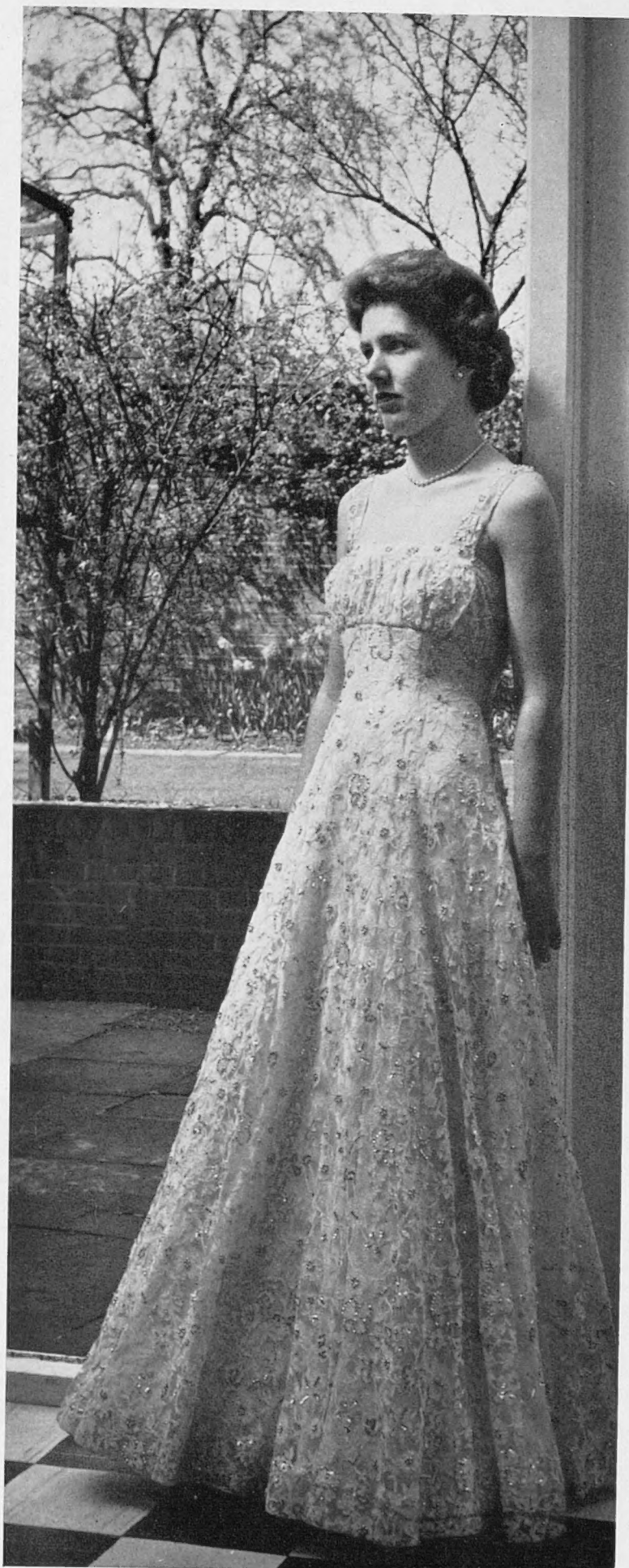
The suites have been most cleverly designed by Mr. Tony Young, the well-known architect, who has worked miracles and utilized every inch of space so that they all have well-proportioned rooms, superlative bathrooms and, what is all-important, splendid cupboard room. The lighting and heating has been cleverly planned by Mr. Harold Young, whom I met when I was having a quick preview.

The décor is the work of four of Britain's top interior decorators, Catharine Bray, Eric Giles, John Siddeley and Ronald Fleming, who have here excelled themselves with colour and ingenuity to produce something really luxurious for all tastes and in keeping with the superb position. The gardens have also been brilliantly designed and laid out full of flowers—the work of Mr. Simon Baring who specializes in garden planning and garden service. Guests were received in the Oliver Messel Penthouse by Sir Malcolm McAlpine and Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, whose famous family firm of civil engineers, Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons, built the Dorchester Hotel and of course the new Roof Garden Suites. Before going up to the suites we saw the new, very exotic Pavilion Room which has been designed as an additional apartment to the original Oliver Messel Penthouse, which is so frequently used for luncheon, cocktail and dinner parties. Oliver Messel, who is one of Britain's top theatrical designers and interior decorators, has shown great originality in the Pavilion Room where his scheme is a development of a classical theme, the beauty and detail of which I find impossible to describe.

AMONG friends I met admiring this room and then the new suites, were Lord and Lady Strathalmond, Lady Dynevor, Sir David and the Hon. Lady Eccles and their daughter Polly, Lord and Lady Killearn, W/Cdr. Sir Norman Hulbert, M.P. for Stockport North, and Lady Hulbert, and the two Lady Claud Hamiltons.

In the spacious garden of the suite decorated by Ronald Fleming, I met Sir Howard and Lady Kerr, Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Sir Charles Bruce Gardner, Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, and Col. and Mrs. Guy Heseltine with her sister Mrs. Grahame Johnstone, perhaps better known as artists Anna and Doris Zinkeisen. Others who enjoyed this unusual and interesting party included Lord Ashcombe, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Mr. Arthur and the Hon. Mrs. Rank who were early arrivals, Mrs. Kathleen Dewar who is soon off for several weeks to Montecatini in Italy, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, Sir John and Lady Elliot, the Earl and Countess of Rosse, Lord Annaly, Lord McGowan and that enchanting and lovable personality Mme. Banac with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. N. L. D. McLean, M.P. for Inverness, and Mrs. McLean, whose twin daughters Miss Marina and Miss Tessa Kennedy will be among next season's prettiest débutantes.

[Continued overleaf]



Betty Swaebe  
MISS ELIZABETH THORESEN is the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Thoresen and is seen here at her home in Ilchester Place wearing a pearl and bead encrusted dress. Her father is a member of a well-known Norwegian shipping family and her mother is giving a dance for her in October



At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Capt. Mark Jeffreys, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the late Capt. C. Jeffreys and of Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, of Alton, married Miss Sarah Garnett, daughter of Major H. Garnett and of Mrs. Garnett. Below, the young bridal attendants



MISS CHRISTINE FAIRFAX-ROSS looked radiant at her coming-out ball, wearing a lovely crinoline of black tulle over pink. She stood with her parents Brig. and Mrs. Thomas Fairfax-Ross and her elder sister Anthea, who was in a stiff white faille dress with a dark blue sash, to receive the guests at 6 Belgrave Square where the ball was held. Vases of exquisitely shaded pink flowers decorated the sitting-out room and ballroom, and downstairs it was warm enough for guests to enjoy a drink or supper at the tables under the striped canopy in the garden.

After midnight the second dance floor was opened in the basement with much dimmer lighting to resemble a night club. The staircase wall to it, had been gaily decorated with travel posters and festoons of cerise and green satin ribbon on the banister rail. This very happy party went on until around 4 a.m.

Before the ball Brig. and Mrs. Fairfax-Ross gave a big dinner party at the Hyde Park Hotel when their guests included some older friends as well as a number of Christine's contemporaries. Among those dining were Mrs. Fairfax-Ross's stepfather Major Christopher Stone, Sir John and Lady Mary Gilmour, the Hon. Lady Hill-Wood, Amabel Lady McGrigor and Mrs. Tom Rivers-Bulkeley. The younger guests included Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, looking very attractive in a white dress with a green sash, Miss Julia Hilton-Green, a most delightful and attractive girl with great charm who has inherited her parents' love of hunting, Miss Jennifer Anderson, Miss Patricia Barker, another pretty girl, the Hon. Shaun Plunket, Mr. Richard Westmacott, Mr. Simon Maxwell and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy who both work in the City, Mr. John Bushell of the Foreign Office, Lord Tennyson and the Hon. John Jolliffe.

DINNER party hostesses for this dance included many neighbours in Sussex, among them the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Mrs. Roger Hall, the Hon. Lady Lowson, Viscountess Gage, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Brand, and Mrs. Stephen Cannon. Young marrieds who also gave dinner parties were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cory-Wright who are now settled in their Chelsea home, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont, and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Tennant. Two other older guests who had made a point of attending the dance were Robert Morley, who came on after the theatre and stayed quite late (earlier in the evening he had sent Christine a sweet Victorian posy which she held while she was receiving). Also Mrs. Blake Lawrence of New York who had only just arrived from America where she and her family have given a big welcome to Christine's brother John who is working over there.

No one was more thrilled to see Christine so radiant on her big evening than her Nanny, Miss Cooper, who came to the

family when Christine was a month old. Also present were two other old friends of the family, Miss Annie Abbot, who has been with the Fairfax-Rosses for eighteen years, and Mrs. Fuller, a former parlourmaid who is now married but still comes to help in the household. She was with Mrs. Fairfax-Ross's family and trained under her parents' butler, and when Mrs. Fairfax-Ross married she then went to her as her parlourmaid.

★ ★ ★

YELLOW and white was the colour scheme at the wedding of Capt. Mark Jeffreys, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the late Capt. Christopher Jeffreys and Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, and Miss Sarah Garnett, only daughter of Major Henry Garnett and Mrs. Garnett. There were yellow and white flowers in the church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the six child bridesmaids wore white crinoline dresses of Swiss embroidered organdie, with coronets of yellow and white roses, and carried posies of yellow rosebuds. They were Carolyn and Camilla Gerard Leigh, Sarah Walker-Munro, Melissa Fairbanks, Sarah Birch Reynardson and Jennifer Steele. Escorting them were four pages, Christopher Clark, Alwyne Sinclair, the Hon. Thomas Sackville and Jonathan Hope, who wore replicas of 19th-century Grenadier Guards uniform.

The bride, who was celebrating her nineteenth birthday on her wedding day, was given away by her father and wore a dress of white organza embroidered with a scroll design. Her tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of white roses.

After the ceremony there was a reception in the restaurant and terrace of the Dorchester where the bride's parents greeted the guests with Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and her father-in-law Lord Jeffreys, who is Colonel of his grandson's regiment. Among friends and relations present were the bridegroom's uncle the Earl of Normanton with his very attractive wife; Lord Normanton was flying out to Lisbon a few days later to sail home to Cowes in a friend's yacht. I met one of the bridegroom's aunts, Lady Biddulph, and the bride's uncle Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh with his wife. The bride's grandparents Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh were also there, and her aunt Mrs. Christopher Sinclair.

THE Marchioness of Linlithgow was present with her sister Mrs. Compton and her sister-in-law Lady John Hope. Lady Cayzer brought her two daughters Nichola (whose fiancé Mr. Michael Colvin was best man) and Elizabeth, and I met Lady Doughty-Tichborne and her very pretty daughter Anne, Capt. Bobby Petre and Mrs. Cooke talking to Lady Philippa Wallop, just off to join her parents in Italy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fair-

banks and their three daughters all off a few days later to Majorca. Mrs. Palmer Tompkinson, and Col. and Mrs. Murray Lawes.

Mrs. "Gus" Coryton who was there was hurrying off home to Hampshire where her husband is the High Sheriff this year.

★ ★ ★

A VERY attractive and amusing décor, which had been done by two clever young designers, Mr. Bernard Myers and Mr. Philip Dyer, who helped with the décor for the Diaghilev Exhibition two years ago, transformed the ballroom suite in the Hyde Park Hotel for one evening. This was for the coming-out dance which the Hon. Mrs. Fane and Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley gave for Miss Carol Fane and Miss Miranda Rivers-Bulkeley.

I came on from another party and arrived around midnight to find the dance in full swing and the ballroom packed with young people. Among them I noticed Miss Richenda Gurney, whose brother Ronald has made a splendid recovery and is returning from Switzerland in the late summer, Miss Patricia Baring, Miss Sarah Oldfield, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, Miss Serena Fass, Miss Jane Butler Henderson, Miss Helene de Miramon, the Hon. Mary Stopford, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Comtess Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack, Miss Alexandra MacLeod, Mr. Christopher Taylor Young, Mr. Anthony Coleridge, Mr. Henry Villiers and Mr. Andrew McLaren.

Young marrieds at the party included the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson, whose many friends are delighted to have them back permanently from Hong Kong, Mr. and Mrs. Ruairaidh Hilleary and the Hon. Patrick and Lady Amabel Lindsay. Other guests included Countess Jellicoe, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Admiral and Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin, Mr. Esmond Baring, and Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn, who gave a dinner party for the ball as did the Hon. Mrs. James Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shepherd Cross, Lady Anne Fummi, Lady de Ramsey and many more friends.

★ ★ ★

MR. and Mrs. Kenneth Davies gave a delightful fork luncheon party in their Upper Grosvenor Street flat for the Welsh National Opera Company, of which the chorus is all amateur, who have just finished a very successful short season at Sadler's Wells. Amongst the guests were Mr. Bill Smith, whose enthusiasm carried the company forward through a hard beginning to their stable position today, Viscountess Rhondda, Lord and Lady More and their actress daughter the Hon. Elizabeth Rees-Williams, the Countess of Harewood, the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, Mr. and Mrs. Petrie, and Mr. David Webster, the General Administrator of the Royal Opera House.

★ ★ ★

I HAD a most entertaining morning when I went in the umpire's launch on the River Thames to watch the race for the Doggett's Coat and Badge. This is one of the oldest sporting events in the country and originated when Thomas Doggett, the famous comedian, and a great Whig in politics, gave a coat and badge on August 1, 1715, to celebrate the first anniversary of the accession of King George I, to be rowed for annually by watermen who had just finished their apprenticeship. When he died he left a sum of money to continue the race "annually and for ever" under the control of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

The Umpire of the race is always the Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company, who this year is W/Cdr. Gerald Constable Maxwell. The Bargemaster, who stood in the bow of the launch in his colourful red coat and large silver gilt badge with an Admiral's cap, to start the race and guide the competitors with the aid of his megaphone, was that great waterman Mr. Harry Phelps. The winner was Colin Williams of Deptford.

After the race we were entertained to luncheon in the banqueting hall of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers at Fishmongers' Hall, superbly restored after serious war damage. The Prime Warden presided, his wife beside him; their three youngest daughters were at another table. Among members and guests lunching were Sir Leslie and Lady Ford, Admiral Sir Aubrey Smith, Col. the Hon. Angus McDonnell, Wardens Lt.-Col. Guy Blewitt and Sir Dykes Spicer, Sir Percy and Lady Simner, Mr. Leopold Lonsdale, the Countess of Ronaldshay, the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley, Mr. Kenneth Hunter and his granddaughter Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Mr. "Gully" Nickalls, and Mr. F. B. Locket, a member of the Worshipful Company of Watermen, with his very charming wife.



Van Hallan

**The Tudor Rose Ball** for the Gosfield Hall appeal for a residential nursing home for elderly gentle-people, was held at the Savoy Hotel. Above: Lord Foley, Mrs. J. Steinberg, the chairman, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys



Mrs. Maria Weiss with Mr. and Mrs. Tibor Wittmann



Miss Irene Edwards and the Duchess of Marlborough



Miss Joan Mary Sunley and Mr. and Mrs. John Lenanton



Miss Virginia Todd was escorted by Mr. James Hales



*Major R. Ferreira, Brazil, jumping on Bibelot in the King George V Gold Cup event*



*Mr. Peter Robeson, a member of the British Olympic team, on Craven A*

## RIDERS OF ALL NATIONS COMPETED AT WHITE CITY

At the Thirty-seventh International Horse Show at the White City teams from Ireland, Turkey, Belgium, the U.S.A., Brazil and Spain as well as individual riders from Italy, Canada and South Africa gave an international flavour second only to the recent horse Olympics in Stockholm. The Queen Elizabeth II Cup, world championship competition for lady riders, was won by Miss Dawn Palethorpe for the second year in succession



*Mlle. B. Schockaert, who was one of the riders from Belgium*



*Miss Dawn Palethorpe was talking to Miss Pat Smythe*



*Mr. Bryan Marshall, the G.R. and trainer, and Mrs. Marshall*



The "Tally Ho" London to Boxhill coach, driven by Mr. G. Cox, entering the arena for the judging of the coaching marathon Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. J. and Mrs. Body, Mrs. D. S. Gordon, Miss D. Griffiths and Mrs. W. G. O'Butler

Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and Blithe Spirit, winners of the Ladies Hacks

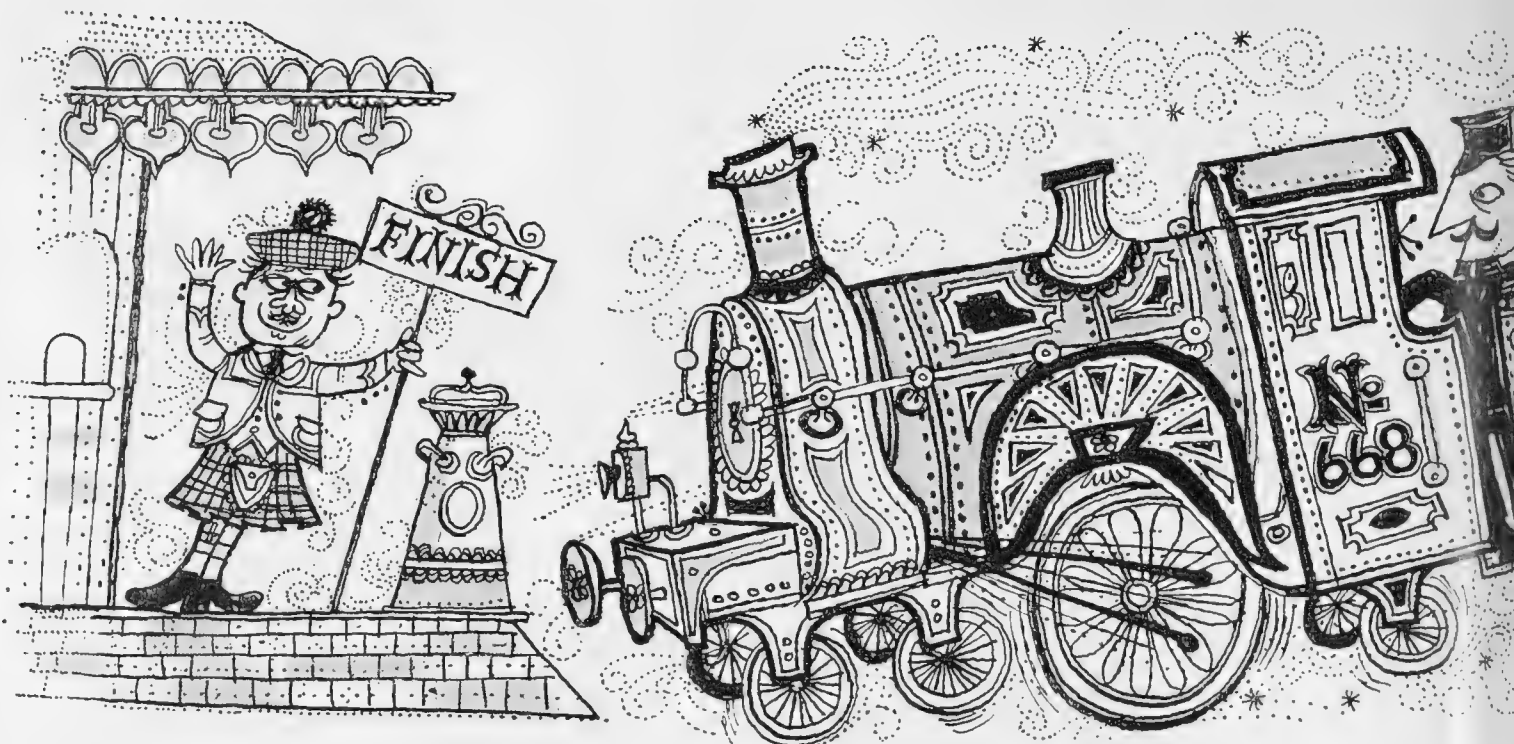
Capt. Kevin Barry of Ireland in conversation with Col. P. Rodzianko



Miss Eleanor Good, Mrs. J. Miller and Miss U. Waldron watch the jumping

Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, Lady Helen Berry and Mr. David Stubbs

The Duke of Beaufort with Lt.-Col. Mike Ansell and Major Laurence Rook



## GROUSE, STEAM AND SPEED: OR THE RACE TO SCOTLAND

*PETER DICKINSON  
recalls hectic days  
when the railwaysafety  
factor was ruthlessly  
sacrificed to get guns  
to the grouse moors in  
the very shortest time*



TWO middle-aged near-military men with grey moustaches are sitting in the dining car of the Aberdonian as the train drums smoothly north. Their beautifully cared-for guns are stowed away in their sleepers, out of the range of luggage-slinging porters. In a few days' time we shall see their photographs in the papers, two of a liverish-looking group trudging from one line of butts to the next; but at the moment, having nearly finished their coffee, they stare out of the window at a rainy nightfall adding its extra gloom to the Dukeries and complain:

"Terrible trip."

"Bunty's trying flying this year."

"My vet won't let me."

"They used to do it in half the time."

"That so?"

"Read it somewhere."

"Half the time, d'you say?"

"Near as dammit."

"Chrrgrh! Nationalization."

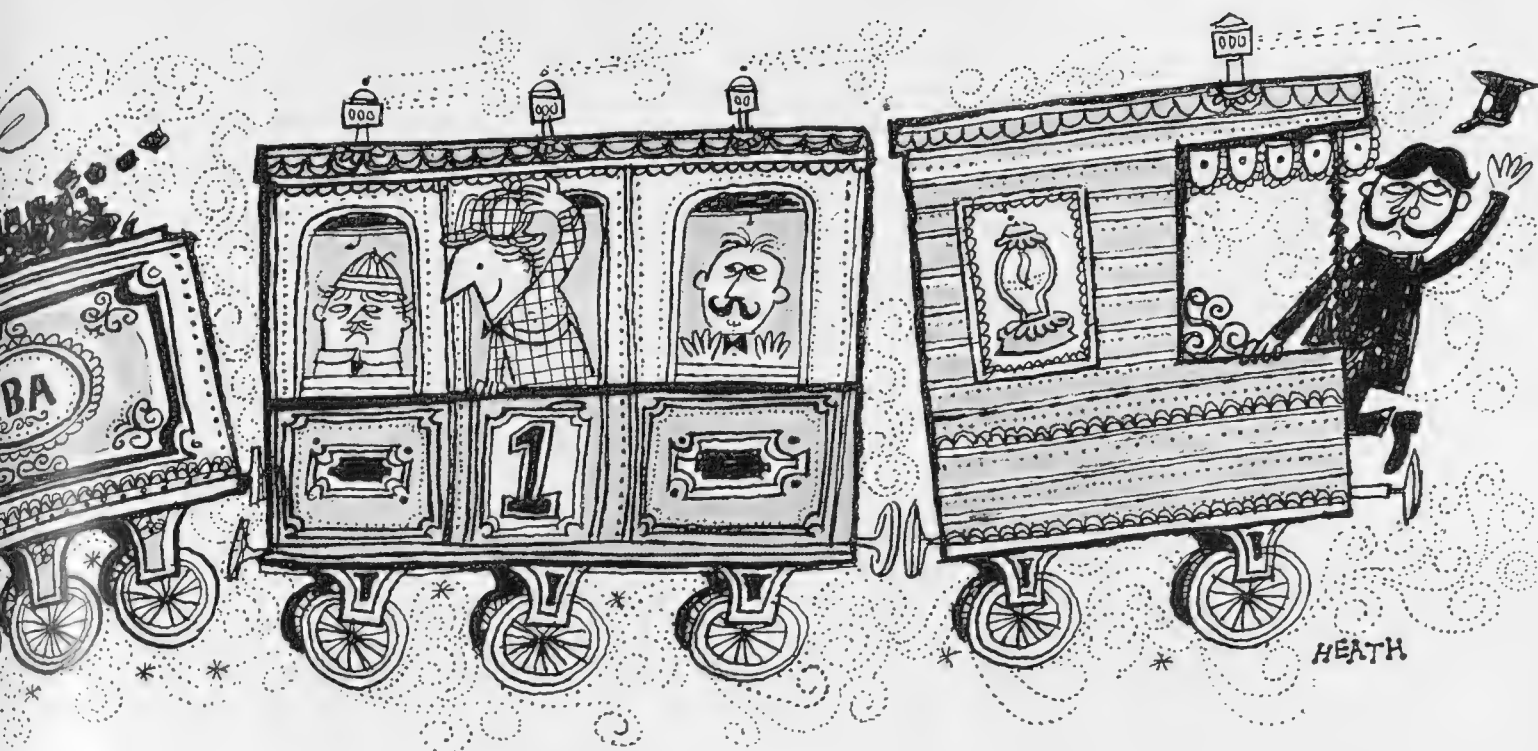
"Gone to pot years before that."

And so on. One would not have thought that these two were travelling towards their spiritual home.

Still less would one think that it was in order to capture their custom, or at any rate that of their exactly similar if slightly more liberal-handed grandfathers, that the great train races of 1895 took place. It was not for nothing, evidently, that they were known then as "The Grouse Traffic."

FORMERLY there were two main routes to Aberdeen: the West Coast from Euston via Crewe and Carlisle, and the East Coast from King's Cross via York and Newcastle. As the lines were almost the same length there was probably no other point in the Kingdom to which such a satisfactory race could have been arranged. The West Coast line was in fact a bit longer and more hilly, but they had two compensating advantages, complete ruthlessness and Mr. Ramsbottom's water-troughs. The latter enabled trains to pick up water when travelling at a fairly high speed and the former meant that the officials of the line put the convenience of their passengers a bad last on their list of priorities.

The Eastern line not only had to stop occasionally for water, but also felt that they had some sort of duty to tell their customers where their trains were going to be at what time and to try to keep their prophecies reasonably true. Their rivals never told anybody anything, rolled old ladies in bath chairs in and out of the train at Crewe like milk-churns, and usually steamed off for Scotland a good ten minutes before the train was even due in. The East Coast never knew what they had to beat.



On July 15, 1895, there were striking blue placards at Euston and on all the L. & N.W.'s vans:

"THE 8 P.M. FROM EUSTON  
WILL NOW REACH ABERDEEN  
AT 7 A.M.  
AN ACCELERATION OF ONE HOUR."

Throughout the racing the Euston authorities never announced an earlier arrival time, though even in the first week they were coming in between ten and forty minutes before they were due. The result was that when, next week, the East Coast announced an arrival time of 6.45 they found the West Coast train was there before them. So it went on. The East Coast proclaimed that their train would be in Aberdeen at 6.25 and the West Coast decided, without telling anybody, that 6.20 would be a convenient time to arrive. On July 30 they got there at 5.59.

Gradually the pace quickened, and by August 15 the race seemed to be really on. The two routes converge at Kinnaber, just north of Montrose, and run along the same line to Aberdeen, so whoever the Caledonian signalman at Kinnaber signalled through first was bound to steam first into Aberdeen. On August 15 the West Coast won by a minute, and on the 19th there occurred one of the Homeric moments of railway history. The be-ready bells in the signal-box jangled simultaneously, and the signalman let his company's rivals through, so that for the first time since the racing began the East Coast train rumbled victorious into Aberdeen. The time was 6.17.

As if encouraged by this the East Coast companies announced an arrival time of 5.40 and the two southerly companies ran their trains next night as if they had every intention of being in by 5.00. No. 668, one of the Great Northern's magnificent Stirling class engines, took the train the 188 miles to York in 185 minutes, and it was in Edinburgh at 2.45. Then the North British had their say; while the engine steamed at Waverley station and its crew and the crowds of enthusiasts on the platform and in the train steamed no less, the stationmaster stuck his toes in and the train did not leave his platform until the scheduled second. The same thing happened at Dundee, so they did not reach Aberdeen until 5.31. The West Coast train had already been there for fifteen minutes.

That was the last effort of the Calvinistic conscience, the feeling that to tamper with a time-table is to tamper with predestination, to prevent a proper trial. "On the following night," says Grinling's *History Of The Great Northern Railway*, "there was another superb race. The Great Northern arrived at York at 11.7 ... and as the North Eastern got a clear road this time, and the

North British threw aside their punctiliousness, victory seemed assured. But as the racer passed Montrose, and the enthusiasts on board, stiff with excitement, glued their eyes on the west, the steam of the rival train came clearly into view; and fairly and squarely, though by less than a minute, the West Coast got the 'line clear' at Kinnaber, bringing their train into Aberdeen at 4.58."

Next night the East Coast made a final effort. They were at York in three hours and at Aberdeen at 4.40, fifteen minutes ahead of their rivals. Then they announced that they had tracks to repair and retired from the contest. The West Coast, with no one else to race against, decided to give an exhibition run. Their train, stripped for racing (one engine, tender, brake-van, and two coaches) left London to the ominous glare of a thunderstorm. The correspondent of *The Illustrated London News* travelled with a gentleman who, going north at last under the impression that racing was over, lay in an ecstasy of fear as the train screamed and clanged through the night. They arrived at 4.32 an average of just over 63 m.p.h.

ONE of the delights of these races is that none of the companies concerned would admit their existence. Lord Stalbridge, chairman of the L. & N.W., told his shareholders "There is no such thing as a race, but our company will not be last in it." The Great Northern even denied that their trains were going any faster than usual; only, they said, stopping less. The drivers were less reticent; one of them told a reporter: "You can't go too fast when you've got a good tool and a clear road." He derided John Burns, M.P., who, with his usual flair for smelling out exploitation of the working classes, had asked questions in the House about the terrible strain imposed on drivers and guards. Anyway, said this driver, the guard had nothing to do but shift his parcels to and fro.

The public were just as divided: "Of all the wonderful things about the great five weeks," says one, "perhaps the most wonderful was this sliding along at seventy miles an hour or more, the train just humming like a 'sleeping' top." "I was in the sleeping car," wrote another, "and really managed, despite the oscillation, to have occasional naps." People said the speed and shaking would ruin men's nerves, digestion and teeth. Nonsense, said others, trains were safer and steadier at speed, like bicycles. Gyroscopic action, they said. Gradually the arguments quietened or changed into discussions about which of the South Coast lines could "claim to have established the slowest, the most unpunctual, and the most inconvenient service." But the enthusiasts had had their hour. "The child shall bless that is unborn the racing of this month," sang W. S. Scott. I don't know who it was that the passengers blessed when they arrived in the granite dawn of Aberdeen and found they could get no breakfast for over two hours.



## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

So another August Bank Holiday has slipped into the past, along with the hot, sandy, anonymous afternoons of our spade-and-bucket childhood and along, too, with that oppressive Bank Holiday of August 3, 1914, when excited crowds—the men in straw hats and serge or flannel suits, the women in the voile and poplin dresses, and the great flowered hats of the time—poured into London to buy miniature Union Jacks and French tricolours, and to wave them at the small, bearded figure on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

War had not yet been declared, but the Kaiser's cavalry had clanked and jingled over the frontier into France and Luxembourg; King George and Queen Mary had driven through London that afternoon in an open carriage, and been cheered by the mob that had gathered outside the German Embassy, before appearing on the Palace balcony at teatime; and goggled French aviators, at Hendon after cups

and prizes, were planning to essay, with their Blériots and their Farmans, the hazardous return flight across the English Channel.

THAT year, 1914, the Bank Holiday was extended, because of the state of emergency, and I wonder what the first Lord Avebury would have thought, had he lived only just over a year longer than he did—the kind and clever man who, when he was Sir John Lubbock, had so skilfully steered the Bank Holiday Bill on to the Statute Book in 1871, and after whom the August Bank Holiday in particular, being an entirely secular holiday, and nothing to do with any of the great religious festivals, was nearly nicknamed "Saint Lubbock's Day." He couldn't have imagined, in the long, peaceful Victorian afternoon, that the forty-fourth Saint Lubbock's Day would have to be stretched to give elbow-room to the God of War.

Thoughts of Bank Holidays led me to wonder whether anybody now reads Barry Pain, that laureate of late-Victorian London, one of whose essays is about going to Hampstead Heath on a yellow tram in the eighteen-nineties, for donkey rides, and to whirl on a steam roundabout, and for three shies a penny at the head of a man poked through a screen, and where—then, as now—Londoners "defile the Heath with greasy newspapers and scraps of food from their picnics."

It was Barry Pain, too, who wrote that little gem of Cockney versè, *Bangkolidye*, which begins:

"Gimme my scarlet tie,"

Says I.

"Gimme my brownest boots and hat,  
Gimme a vest with a pattern fancy,  
Gimme a gel with some style, like Nancy.  
And then—well, it's gimes as I'll be at,  
Seein' as it's bangkolidye."

Says I.

and which contains one of the most

poignant pictures in poetry of an English picnic:

*"Keep them sanwidjus dry,"*

*Says I,*

*When the rine came down in a reggiler sheet.*

But what can you do with one umbrella

*And a damp gel strung on the arm of a fella?*

"Well, rined-on 'am ain't pleasant to eat,

*If yer don't believe it, just go and try,"*

*Says I.*

★ ★ ★

WHAT an agreeably and absurdly typical correspondence was sparked off in *The Times* by the gentleman from Bradford who wrote, two or three weeks ago, to ask why the Englishman's use of the walking-stick, "which added dignity and bearing to one's stride, has gone out of favour."

Up sprang a member of the Royal Automobile Club in defence of the umbrella, "properly rolled," as adding just as much dignity; being equally useful in summoning taxis; and even being capable—however reluctantly one unrolled it—of keeping off the rain. And a reminiscent reader recalled how, as long ago as 1919, to carry a walking-stick in Canada was to invite every passing dog in town to bark. But on that side of the Atlantic the walking-stick—called invariably, I think, a "cane," however surdy and unyielding its timber—has always been regarded as the distinguishing mark of the effete and decadent limey, and is still so regarded, long after the limey has given up its use. As inappropriately, in fact, as some comic Continental periodicals picture each of us as wearing a glengarry kilt and a single eyeglass, clenching a carved tobacco-pipe in his protruding teeth.

is satisfying to live up to these more picturesque aspects of our supposed national character, and I indulged an innocent pleasure, and gratified spectators, besides making myself comfortable into the bargain, by carrying a shooting-stick at the time I was attached to General Patton's 3rd United States Army in the Aachen campaign of 1944-45. The general, for his part, also did what was

## AUGUST

The season's past and those  
who have the time to spare  
turn claustrophobe in Curzon Street  
or bored in Belgrave Square.

The Ritz is rallentando  
and how the night-clubs cloy!  
Wild Scottish themes invade the dreams  
of guests at the Savoy.

No swirling drifts of dancers  
disturb the London dust . . .  
In July they prepared to fly,  
now Northward go they must !

—Lorna Wood

expected of him by carrying a pair of pearl-handled pistols at his belt.

One may sympathize with the man from Bradford and yet recognize, all the same, that he is sighing into the teeth of the wind. The spirit of the age has blown the walking-stick into that limbo where already languish the clouded canes of Regency bucks and Georgian dandies, along with the fans of their ladies—the fans which, like the ladies who wielded them, were so pretty and so flirtatious, besides being so useful for shifting a little the close air of eighteenth-century drawing-rooms, hot from candles, and smelling of a bathless age. . . .

★ ★ ★

CELEBRATION by London Transport of the centenary of its ancestor, the old London General Omnibus Company, whose amalgamation of the capital's various, competing bus companies began in 1856, sent me to the pages of *Locomotion In Victorian London*, published just before the war by that fascinating character, old George Augustus Nokes, who wrote under the transparent pseudonym of Sekon, and who devoted a long life (he was well over eighty when he died in 1948) to railways, trams and buses and their histories, and to the invention of luggage-in-advance.

Nokes recalls the standard horse-drawn bus of the eighteen-seventies, with its “knife-board” seat on the open upper deck, where the passengers sat back-to-back, and from which women passengers

were precluded, until "decency boards" were erected to conceal their button-booted ankles and their petticoats from the glances of prurient passers-by. It was in the 'eighties that the knife-board was abolished, and slatted garden-seats, instead, placed transversely on the top, with a central passage between them. This meant that ladies could now mount to the top and enjoy a bus ride in the fresh air—for all buses were open in those days, and the livelier conductors used to shout, "Open air to anywhere!" But there was still a snag, and just as the bus companies had had to put up "decency boards," so now they had to board up the backs of the slatted garden-seats: pickpockets made it their practice to sit behind a lady who looked well-to-do, and cut out her pocket with a pair of scissors, wielded through the slats.

JUST before the amalgamations of 1856, each bus route and each company had its own colour, and there is no picture of the multi-coloured London of those days that is as bustling and as full of life as the pages of *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, published in 1853, the favourite reading of whose hero, you will recall, was *Mogg's Ten Thousand Cab Fares*, price one shilling, a book he never travelled without, and of which he said (and better books have had lesser tributes paid to them) that "it's invaluable in town, and you may study it to great advantage in the country. With Mogg in my hand, I can almost fancy myself in both places at once."

It was thanks to Mogg that, standing at the Oxford Street end of the Edgware Road, Soapey Sponge could watch as the buses, "red, green, blue, drab, cinnamon-colour, passed and crossed, and jostled, and stopped, and blocked, and the cads telegraphed, and winked, and nodded and smiled, and slanged," and regard them not, for "he knew the run of them all, whence they started, where they stopped, where they watered, where they changed and, wonderful to relate, had never been entrapped into a sixpenny fare when he meant to take a threepenny one."

I wish I could boast as unblemished a record myself, in the matter of taxis.

## BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham





*Captain J. G. Young and  
Miss Susan Twiston-Davies*

## A DEBUT IN THE WEST

CEFNTILLA COURT, Monmouthshire, the home of Lord and Lady Raglan, made a picturesque setting for the dance they gave for their younger daughter the Hon. Cecily Somerset. The house and grounds were floodlit and guests danced in a marquee

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
August 8,  
1956  
256*



*Lord and Lady Raglan with their daughter, the Hon. Cecily Somerset, wait to receive their guests in the dining-room*



*Miss Sally Hambro and Mr. Ian Mackeson-Sandbach*



*Mr. Timothy Renton and Miss Juliet Woodall were among the guests*

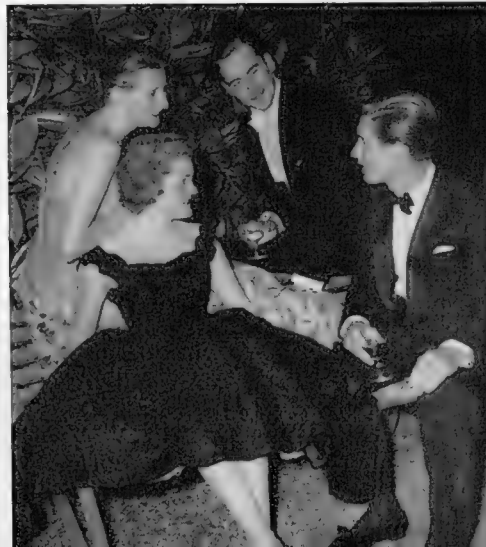


*The Hon. Geoffrey Somerset and his fiancée Miss Caroline Hill*

*Mr. H. Bayne-Powell and Lady Nell Harris, a 1955 debutante*



*Miss M. A. Tennison, Miss L. Stephenson, Mr. J. Thouron, Mr. J. Warburton*



*Mr. Robert Clarke and Miss Bridget Mellor were going to supper*





*Miss Vere Leeston with her fiancé the Earl of Guilford*



*Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P., dancing with Mr. Peter Hobbs*



*Mrs. Judkins and Mr. W. J. R. Judkins with Miss Diana Davis*

## BALL AT CHILHAM CASTLE

THE first ball ever given by the Kent branch of the British Red Cross Society was held in the beautiful setting of Chilham Castle, the seventeenth-century home of the Hon. John and Mrs. Skellington. Tombola was one of the evening's attractions, and helped to swell the funds of a very good cause



*Rear-Admiral D. Hall-Thompson, a County Officer of the Red Cross, with Lady Brabourne, President of the Kent Branch*



*Lady Barbara Bossom, Major Clive Bossom and Mrs. Lance Monckton*

*Mrs. Percy Hobourn and Mr. Richard Howe admiring a portrait*



Van Hallan



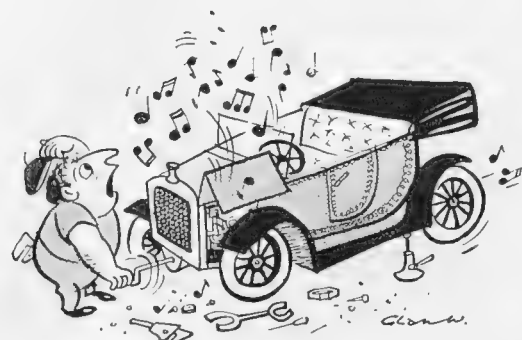
A QUEEN WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN. Walking in the grounds of her home, the Villa Sparta, in San Domenico, Florence, is the Queen Mother of Rumania with her grandchildren the Princesses Margaret, Helen and Irena. The children have been staying with her on a visit from Geneva, where they live with their parents King Michael and Queen Anne of Rumania

Locchi, Florence



### Priscilla in Paris

## THE RIVAL MECHANICS AND THAT VOITURETTE

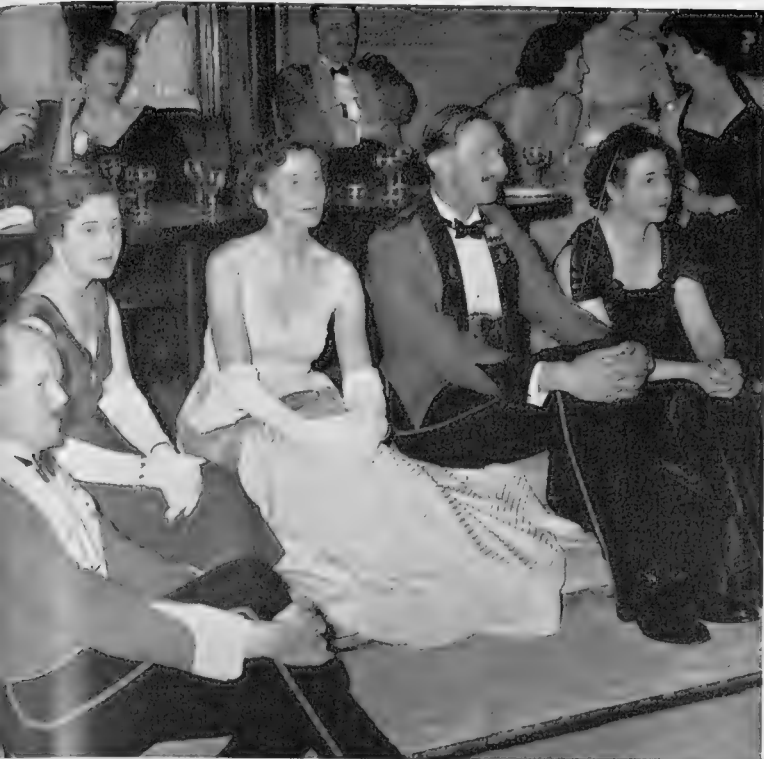


A HIT-OR-MISS-DRIVER who, unfortunately, did not miss my small car waiting so patiently for me by the kerb, retarded my return to the Island. The damage was not disastrous but the weather was! When Jean-of-Paris rang me up to say that the wing had been unkinked and the necessary lick of paint given, I tapped the barometer for the fifth time that morning and looked out of the window to see what was already coming down. "Is there any other little thing that needs doing, Jean?" I asked. There was a sarcastic snort; Jean began to expatiate and I knew it was as well that I was on my own telephone and time of no account.

Jean-of-Paris has kept my cars in action as long as I have had cars, and that is rather longer than we both care to remember. But there is also a Jean-of-the-Island and he too has aided in the good work. The two men, who have never met, have nothing but scorn and contumely for each other but they are both equally good mechanics. The pleasant result is that my buses are thoroughly overhauled every time one Jean or the other gets a chance to do so, and what they have to say about each other can hardly be repeated! In reality the only difference between them is that Jean-of-the-Island still regrets my dear old 16-h.p. Chrysler, while Jean-in-Paris, who procured me the second-hand (*circa* 1939) 8-h.p. Spacetolet that I now drive, is proud of helping me to save bawbees in a country where petrol costs more than attar of roses.

DURING the last week I have enjoyed a strange Paris where one meets—greatly to one's surprise and sometimes to the other person's annoyance—people whom one thought to be elsewhere. Sacha Guitry, who for the past few years seems to have formed the habit of choosing late July and early August to go a-filming, is still at his often written-up, museum piece house in the more bourgeois part of the Left Bank. This is strange, since the marine shots of his latest effort, *Assassins et Voleurs*—not an historical digest this time it is hoped—are taking place at Deauville. However every cloud has a silver lining; Clement Duhour is in charge.

Catherine Edelmann, who paints those enchanting bird plaques that are so decorative, is also in Paris at her studio in an old seventeenth-century house (mentioned in a census taken in 1628) that is one of the *monuments classés* of the pleasant oasis that hides itself between the faubourg St. Germain and the Latin Quarter. She really ought to be resting and holidaymaking with her three children: Isabel, Frederic and Marc at the family "Mas" in Provence, but while mama "proposes" the adorable



Major C. E. Knight and Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Scott,  
Major J. B. Scott and Major M. Davis, W.R.A.C.



Brig. M. W. Roberts, C.B.E., D.S.O.,  
who is the Commanding Officer



Mrs. Rome and Maj.-Gen. C. L.  
Dasher, U.S. Commander, Berlin

brats "dispose" by coming down with the seasonable measles.

Query: Would Sacha be measling, I wonder. Or Lana Marconi?) The one or two acquaintances I met who did not seem pleased to see me and did not enjoy my kind inquiries must not be mentioned; the reason may be found in the next paragraph.

Tell it not in Gath, broadcast it not by the publicity mikes, for this, apparently, is the moment of the year when some of our lovelies find time and courage to submit to face-lifting, peeling and other still more important structural alterations to their charming selves. The certitude of looking "younger than ever," combined with the calm enjoyment of a rest cure, seems to be irresistible. Personally I am not interested. This morning I received a beautiful invitation card: glossy "bristol," engraved and embossed and be-gilt. It proposed to supply "*visages de rechange*." A most uncomfortable idea! Imagine forgetting which *rechange* one is wearing and finding oneself staring at a stranger in the mirror. Besides I am accustomed to my face, I've had it a long time. A poor thing, perhaps, *but mine own*.

ALTHOUGH twenty-seven theatres have closed down for the summer tourists will find cabarets, music-halls and all the usual shows known to visitors as "so Parisian" awaiting them. The cinemas, of course, are all open and British patrons may count on at least a dozen houses, in the Champs-Élysées alone, where English and American films are given *en version originale*; the longest queues being outside *The Gold Rush* and *Bengal Lancer*!

There is good news for balletomanes and music lovers. Jean Babilée's all too short season at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées was so successful that he has moved over to the Olympia where Jean Cocteau's *Jeune Homme et la Mort*, one of Babilée's finest creations, has now been added to the programme.

The Festival of Paris in which so many countries have taken part—Great Britain most successfully of all—closed last week with two productions by the Israelian company from the Hacameri theatre. When one does not understand one word of Hebrew it is impossible to judge a play in that language, but it is equally impossible not to become aware of the freshness and charm of two young actresses, Hana Marrone and Orna Porati, who play leading parts.

### Pour être belle . . .

- Grandmama's opinion: The best face-lifter, a happy grin!

## The Army entertains in Berlin

MORE than 200 guests attended the Berlin Summer Ball, a very popular event given by officers of the Headquarters Mess, Berlin Independent Brigade. The decorations were the excellent work of the officers' wives



Mrs. M. H. Logan dancing  
with her son, Major H. Logan



Maj.-Gen. F. D. Rome, Commandant  
British Sector, and Mrs. J. Drury



## At the Theatre

# SHADOW OF THE ROPE

WHEN Mr. Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow* was brought up by Theatre Workshop from the East End to the Comedy, I do not think I was the only one who had expected something different. Report had prepared us for an original piece of theatre, a wild haunting Irish threnody on the hanging of a man in prison. What in fact we got was an impressively documented, but carelessly sprawling account of prison life leading up gradually to a savagely comic propagandist treatment of the hanging, calculated to stir not pity but social indignation.

So that so far as we were concerned, a good deal of mental adjustment was required before we could settle down to enjoy listening to the lags and the warders talking their heads off. We could then appreciate that the easygoing Irish rhetoric, alive with wry humour, furious invective and paradoxical common sense, was building up, coral insect fashion, a pretty authentic impression of warped lives confined in an unnatural community.

THE authenticity is momentarily flawed by the grossly unpersuasive caricature of a foolish, transparently hypocritical official visiting the prison on behalf of the Department of Justice. But, generally speaking, we have no difficulty in believing that this is just how human beings swept in for a variety of reasons

would react to an environment designed deliberately to rob them of all initiative. They make and break capricious alliances, they are at once extremely touchy and extremely tolerant, they have a quick ear for the faintest rumour. They collect as quarrelsome as dogs at the window giving a view of the women prisoners parading for exercise. They spiritedly affect rheumatic pains on the offchance of taking a nip of the methylated spirits used for embrocation. And they are all obsessed with the fate of "the quare fellow," the man who is to be hanged tomorrow morning if he is not re-

prieved, and a stand-easy in the exercise yard is used to wage heavily (the Sunday morning bacon ration) on the chance that their fellow prisoner may not swing after all.

Mr. Behan insists throughout that the prison atmosphere is as degrading to the warders as to the lags. They are all formed by the same environment, they share the same morality. Warders suck up shamelessly to superiors who may put promotion in their way, they no less shamelessly do them dirt at the first opportunity, and always they bully where they safely can. We are shown only one experienced officer who has kept a certain bitter sense of personal integrity.

ALL this is highly informative and vividly interesting, but except that it keeps casually in view the effect of an imminent execution on the community it remains for the whole of two acts a mere prelude to drama.

Drama comes in with the arrival of the Big Fellow from across the Irish Sea—the black-coated, bowler-hatted, black-moustached hangman. He is a publican in private life, but known in all the prisons of the land as master of his secondary trade.

Too nervous to fly, he has come by boat and is as glad to be in Dublin again as though he had come over on a football match jaunt. He is delighted to see old friends who are all suitably aware of his dreadful impellance. Having taken certain measurements (he is renowned for his conscientiousness), he goes off with his deferential assistant to his favourite bar in Grafton Street and returns mellow and hugely sentimental, asking for an Irish song while he works out in his little black notebook his final calculations for the morrow.

So to the execution itself, which takes place off stage with an excited commentary and music, lugubrious at first and then triumphantly martial, with warders grouped round the waiting grave to hold the stage tension. And when it is over, and the cells have produced their metallic salute by the beating of tin cans, the warders and the lags on the grave-filling fatigue are left to share the paltry spoils of the occasion. As propaganda against capital punishment Mr. Behan has written a powerful piece, all the more powerful for the richness of its incidental humour. As drama it is no great shakes. It offers only two actors in a big cast—Mr. Maxwell Shaw and Mr. Gerry Raffles—parts that stand out clearly.

—Anthony Cookman



# The tom-tom rhythm beats in the heart of London

"LES BALLETS AFRICAINS" opened on Monday for a three weeks' season at the Palace Theatre. These brilliant dancers from the jungles of French Africa made an enormous impression when they visited London in the spring. Keita Fobebe, an authority on the African dance, is the founder of the company and the choreography, strictly based on African folk-lore, is absolutely authentic. The dancers themselves have not been Westernized, and had their first sight of civilization when they performed in Paris last year





*Part of the famous herd of goats, which numbers over seventy, in the grounds in front of Blithfield. They are Swartz Halz goats and come from the Rhone Valley*

## AN HISTORIC HOUSE IN STAFFORDSHIRE



*The fireplace and one side of the Great Hall which has been described as a masterpiece of Gothic plasterwork and includes many medieval coats of arms*

ONE of the finest and most interesting houses in Staffordshire is Blithfield Hall, the home of the sixth Lord Bagot and Lady Bagot. The house takes its name from a nearby stream and the first reference to the manor of Blithfield was in the Domesday Book of 1086 when it was owned by the de Montgomerys; the Bagots were then living nearby at Bagot's Bromley. The two manors were joined together in 1360 when Ralph Bagot married Elizabeth, the Blithfield heiress, and since then the Bagots have lived at Blithfield. The house, originally moated, has grown through the centuries as various members of the family altered it to suit their needs but the present building incorporates much sixteenth-century construction. Elizabeth I was a frequent visitor to Blithfield which also contains many interesting relics of Charles I which the Bagots obtained through marriage with the Welsh Salusbury family. Right: Lord and Lady Bagot outside the main gateway



*The yellow L-shaped drawing-room with a portrait by Reynolds of the first Lord Bagot (right), and Mrs. Salusbury and her grandchildren*





*The dining-room, originally the Great Chamber, has green and gold Elizabethan panelling and barrel ceiling*



*The wonderfully carved oak Great Staircase dating from the reign of Charles I. The portrait is of the first Earl of Essex who lived near by*

*Photographs by Desmond O'Neill*

*The cool and shady Inner Courtyard in the centre of the house. Blithfield has been the home of the Bagot family for six hundred years. The present baron succeeded to the title in 1946*



## At the Pictures

# TWO WAYS OF PLAYING COWBOYS AND INDIANS

*Elsbeth Grant*

I HAVE the greatest respect for Mr. John Ford, not only because he is a director of astounding versatility but because he is the only one who has ever caused me to weep in a cinema: that was with his desolating *Grapes Of Wrath*, for which he was very rightly given the second of the four Academy Awards he has to his credit. For Mr. John Wayne, my feelings are more restrained—I have certainly never ruined my mascara on his account—but it cannot be denied that, under Mr. Ford's guidance, he has done some very good work. They were associated on *The Long Voyage Home*, the superb *Stagecoach* and, among other pictures, that highly profitable and bogus piece of begorrahery, *The Quiet Man*—and they are back together with *The Searchers*, an excellent and very handsome Western. They are both in admirable form.

Mr. John Wayne, a restless and embittered sort of chap, returns from the Civil War to the ranch in Texas which he owns in partnership with his brother. He's fond of his brother and his brother's family but he just hates Indians so he can't abide the Cherokee half-breed they have adopted—Mr. Jeffrey Hunter, with whom Mr. Wayne is doomed to share the title rôle

WHILE most of the men are absent, bloodthirsty Comanches attack the ranch, burn down the buildings, slaughter all the adults, including Mr. Wayne's brother, and kidnap a sixteen-year-old and a ten-year-old girl—Mr. Wayne's nieces. Mr. Wayne sets off in pursuit of the Indians—with him, to his annoyance, rides Mr. Hunter. As the body of the elder girl is found early on, the rest of the film is mainly concerned with their dogged five-year quest for the younger child.

They risk their lives again and again to find her, but when they do Mr. Wayne, whose loathing for all things Indian amounts to madness, is so disgusted at her having been made a squaw that his first instinct is to shoot her. He has Mr. Hunter and his own conscience to contend with.

The picture has the vitality and sweep which mark the best of Mr. Ford's work and there is great beauty in his shots of the eerie Monument Valley, the red-gold New Mexican desert and the lone prairie, bleakly livid under a dusting of snow.

The little song which, inevitably, has attached itself to the film, says something about "A man must find his peace of mind, but only the Lord knows where." Mr. Wayne seems to find it in Mr. Ford's company; he gives a performance which, with the worst will in the world, one cannot fault.

IT is not quite clear to me who *The Proud Ones* are, but it seems unlikely that they could be the scriptwriters, as this standard Western, with its handful of familiar stock characters—quick-on-the-draw marshal, chip-on-the-shoulder young man, heart-in-the-right-place young woman, gun-in-the-hidden-pocket bad hombre—is really nothing to get stuck-up about.

The first big drive of cattle approaches the town of Flat Rock. Mr. Robert Ryan, the local marshal, rides out to meet it and tells the cow-pokes not to bring their guns into town as he's



ODILE VERSOIS walks in the sun beside Lake Como on her way to start location filming in the Rank Organization production *Checkpoint*. The film is the high-tension story of a master plan to smuggle a hunted man across the Italian frontier during an international motor race. Filmed near Florence and round the serpentine roads of Italy, *Checkpoint* also stars Anthony Steel, Stanley Baker and James Robertson Justice

aimin' to keep the place nice and peaceful. If anybody took the slightest notice of him this would, of course, be the tamest Western on record, but nobody does—in fact Mr. Jeffrey Hunter (an all-white man, this time) quite demonstratively arms himself to the teeth for a visit to the saloon-cum-gambling-joint run by Mr. Robert Middleton, whose fancy weskits proclaim him the villain.

Mr. Hunter's not out to git Mr. Middleton—he's out to git Mr. Ryan, because he believes that while marshal at Keystone (the original Keystone cop?) Mr. Ryan killed his unarmed father. Nevertheless, when one of Mr. Middleton's hirelings takes a shot at Mr. Ryan, Mr. Hunter briskly bumps the fellow off. Mr. Ryan, mopping a head wound, is grateful and hopes to win Mr. Hunter's friendship: it's true he did shoot Mr. Hunter's poppa, but, as he explains to the young man, poppa was the lowest kind of scum, a hired gun-slinger, and definitely armed at the time. Mr. Hunter is not exactly pleased, satisfied or soothed by this explanation, but, for his own reasons, signs on as Mr. Ryan's deputy: possibly the idea of toting a gun *legally* has some appeal.

It's around now that Mr. Ryan begins to suffer from spells of temporary blindness, caused by that head wound, and as these usually occur at the very moment he needs all his eyes about him, because of lurking assassins, his tough but golden-hearted girl friend, Miss Virginia Mayo, is naturally worried. Miss Mayo, to whom toughness comes as readily as sweet song to a macaw, provides a little light relief by overplaying like fun.

**D**ESPITE his girl friend's demands that he be reasonable and resign, Mr. Ryan grimly refuses to hand in his badge until he has cleaned up Flat Rock and straightened out Mr. Hunter. Never doubt that Mr. Hunter learns to admire Mr. Ryan—learns, too, that if you think a guy has a gat concealed upon his person, it's O.K., no matter what the bystanders think, to mow him down before he has a chance to draw. Miss Mayo and Mr. Ryan watch him dispatch Mr. Middleton on these terms: then, with expressions clearly registering "The boy's going to be all right!" they head East for holy matrimony and the quiet life. So maybe *that's* it: *they're* The Proud Ones—proud that they've tamed Mr. Hunter to live by the rough code of the West.

Mr. Walt Disney's film, *The Littlest Outlaw*, is a naïve and quite minor piece about a small Mexican boy (Andres Velasquez) who runs off with a very fine horse when its owner, Señor Pedro Armendariz, has ordered it to be shot for refusing at a wall jump during a horse-show. As far as I could see, the boy is never the eniest bit of an outlaw: he merely wanders about for a day or so with the lovely animal and then returns to Señor Armendariz, gravely prepared to take his punishment.

Mr. Disney has obviously hoped you will be charmed by the child's brown-velvet eyes, the glorious sunshine of Mexico, the beauty of the church at San Miguel Allende, the gay procession of peasants bringing their pets to be blessed, and a glimpse of the pomp of the bull-ring. Perhaps you will be : *quién sabe?*



JOHN WAYNE plays an embittered ex-soldier pursuing a relentless quest for his niece who has been carried off by Indians in this magnificent Western, *The Searchers*



DIRK BOGARDE is seen on location in Spain for the film *The Spanish Gardener*, adapted from the novel by A. J. Cronin, in which he has the leading role. It is made in VistaVision and Eastman Colour, with Maureen Swanson playing opposite Bogarde

PHILIP GILBERT, who has appeared in several recent films, including *Reach For The Sky* and *Simon And Laura*, is playing Simon Sparrow in the stage version of *Doctor In The House* at the Victoria Palace, the part created by Dirk Bogarde in the film



MARGARET TRUMAN, daughter of the ex-President of the United States, has written her memoirs, which will be published by Eyre and Spottiswoode in early November. Miss Truman's reminiscences are lively, frank, charming and modest as she tells a young girl's story of her friends, her home, her work, and her leisure. She tells, too, of her musical career with its story of concert and television appearances, successes and setbacks. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is her description of an ordinary girl's reaction to the sudden limelight and the mixing with the great which followed when her father became President in 1945

## Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen



# A TRAGEDY OF SENSIBILITY



"THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL," by Otto Von Simson, throws light on the origins of Gothic architecture. An initial from the Bible of Clairvaux (above) and an illumination from a pontifical. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 42.)



To Marcel Brion's *Schumann And The Romantic Age* (Collins, 21s.), several reasons for interest attach. In the first place, this is clearly a first-rate musical biography. Further, this is a work by a Frenchman on a German subject—and one which, representing an extreme of Teutonic temperament, might have seemed to address itself least to Gallic sympathy. Moreover, for the reader who is non-musical, here, still, is a fascinating study of Romanticism—an epidemic which, at its height on the Continent in the early half of the nineteenth century, only reached our shores in a milder form.

Sufferers, exponents or devotees—as which should one see the young artists whom the Movement inspired? Here and there, in such cases as Goethe's and Victor Hugo's, the summer-lightning ignited lasting genius—though the more mature, later Goethe was to come to appear, to the next generation of zealots, "a lost leader." By M. Brion's showing, however, few Romantics lived long enough to undergo a reaction. Madness and/or suicide terminated, tragically early, musical or literary careers. From among the ranks of Romantic painters, the Movement, apparently, took a less heavy toll—can it be that painters are tougher?

GERMAN Romanticism, M. Brion indicates, was more high-minded, more innocent than its French counterpart—though one asks oneself (as passages in this book come suspiciously near to the roots of the Hitler *mystique*, the race-mythology, etc.) whether it has not caused greater damage? No poets maddened, no trend to Decadence. The young Germans dedicated themselves to the cult of the pure, the exalted, the ethereal, the sublime. Unfortunately, this also involved dedicating themselves to the cult of feeling—for its own sake, non-stop and without restriction.

The psychological landscape M. Brion paints—terrain of Robert Schumann and his Romantic contemporaries—calls to mind one of the more beetlingly-mountainous reaches of the Rhine Valley, during one of those alternately thunderous and steamy days so freely bestowed by Nature upon that area. All the

more touchingly stands out the noble and troubled figure of the composer—who tried, harder than many of his friends, to reconcile inner chaos with outward order. Music was necessary to Schumann, as a harmonizing of the conflicting elements in his soul.

Born in 1810, Robert Schumann was the grandson of a Saxony pastor. An artistic trend had already developed in his father; but his mother—having known what it was to raise a family in poverty, was suspicious of music as a livelihood. Originally, the young man—under the influence of his idol, the Romantic author Jean Paul, saw himself as a writer: much he *did* write has been preserved, and is quoted by M. Brion. It was while he was at Leipzig, studying law, that his true vocation declared itself—not to be gainsaid. Pleading letters home took effect: he became the pupil of the unparalleled, tyrannical master Friedrich Wieck. Wieck accepted no pupil in whom he did not believe.

THE mishap (typically, self-caused) which blocked Schumann's future as a pianist canalized his genius as a composer. The main part of *Schumann And The Romantic Age* is (properly) a study of his music—and has as such, I see, won praise from exacting critics in France and Germany. Let me add, that for the musically uneducated (such as your reviewer) M. Brion opens a door into comprehension—nothing written here is "above one's head." Not to love Schumann's music is, I imagine, impossible: this book leads one to love with more understanding.

The life-story is excellently told—with, here and there, touches of the humour which dear Schumann in his own nature lacked. Wieck reappears an unwilling father-in-law—for it was upon the stern master's masterpiece, his daughter, that Schumann's choice of a wife fell. Was the brilliant young Clara, prodigy, virtuoso, star of every concert-platform in Europe, to abdicate from all that and become a *hausfrau*? Wieck stormed, "Never!" During years of frustration, Clara played as never before; Robert composed his loveliest songs.

When it did take place, the marriage was fully happy. There were seven children—but alas, also, endless career vicissitudes. Schumann's mental collapse (on which death

followed mercifully soon) was due, it appears, to the psychic conflict intensified by continuous overwork. Romantic aspiration carried him, inexorably, to the Romantic's fate. The translation of *Schumann And The Romantic Age*, from French into English, is by Geoffrey Sainsbury.

★ ★ ★

ERIC AMBLER, true to expected form, maintains suspense throughout his new novel, *The Night-Comers* (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.). Scene is an island republic, named Sunda—neighbour to Indonesia, with which it was till lately part of the Dutch East Indies. "Liberation" has, as in other cases we know, cast Sunda into the throes of internal conflict—extremists versus the unstable existing government. Our hero, Steve, British engineer, having completed his contract with an irrigation company, is about to quit the island, without regret—he has done a good job of work; he is in the money.

Sunda, however, is far from through with Steve. Its capital, Selampang (first stage on his return journey), is on the eve of a military *coup d'état*—and this breaks out in the course of a night our hero is spending with charming Rosalie, an Eurasian. The lovers find themselves prisoners in an apartment which—loaned to Steve by a sympathetic Australian pilot—becomes G.H.Q. of the insurgents. The least, if noisiest, of the ordeals of the ensuing hours is air bombardment: other threats are more nerve-racking. . . . The distinction of *The Night-Comers* is—I think—in the character drawing. Major Suparto, with his complex motives, is (in particular) memorable. Praise should go, too, to the sharply unsentimental end.

★ ★ ★

DUBLIN, and one of her noblest Georgian squares, Fitzwilliam, is the setting of *Peter Perry* (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.). This is a remarkable first novel: author, Irish-born Michael Campbell. Let me not mislead you by saying the hero is the heroine—"Peter" being a lady six feet tall, well on into the fixties as to years, indomitable, regal, and a bit of a terror. Her grandeur is only equalled by her mendacity. Her domain is Dublin's heatrical-intellectual-Bohemian world, whose intrigues she feeds, whose chaos she heightens. She is also, surprisingly, an aunt—it is through the eyes of Roy, her nephew, that we chiefly see her.

Roy, up from the country (and less of a racing type than he first appears) arrives, one September evening, in the Fitzwilliam Square flat. Here, with Peter, he is to lodge—Trinity College, where he is enrolled as law student, being overcrowded. His aunt is *terra incognita*—for, as the family scandal, she's never met and rarely mentioned at home. The relationship between the youth and lady, confined in the three-roomed, seedy and windswept flat, becomes a tricky, absorbing and sombre comedy.

Scheming, chain-smoking, singing away to herself, obsessively brushing her lopsided silver hair with a silver brush, prowling the flat in Molyneux pyjamas, subsisting on nibbled toast, retiring to bed coughing for days on end, emerging to queen it around Dublin in a hired car, dodging her creditors, bullying her friends—old Peter burns herself into one, like a real experience.

The Dublin of *Peter Perry* is not one likely to show itself to the Horse Show visitor—Mr. Campbell has pierced behind the façades of the vast, silent, inscrutable streets and squares. It would be rash to say, on the strength of this first book, that Dublin has found herself another Joyce, but undoubtedly here is a writer to watch. You'll enjoy Mr. Campbell's cast of supporting characters, though inevitably his *prima donna* outclasses them.



Desmond O'Neill

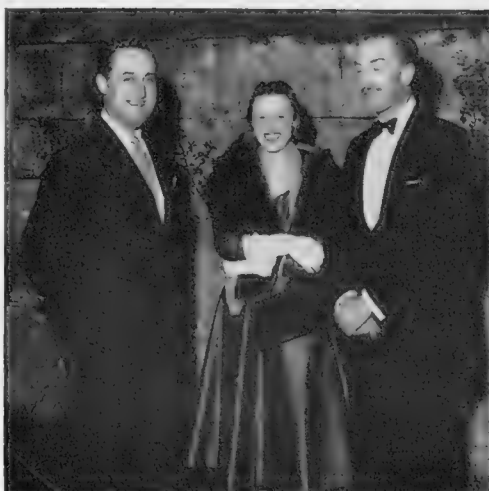
## The Red Cross revives Robin Hood

THE Staffordshire Red Cross Festival committee organized a gala performance of "Robin Hood" by Major Alan Rook, owner of Wootton Lodge, where the performance was held. Above: Mr. Alan Edwards (Robin Hood), Miss Mary Siver (Maid Marian) and Mr. Dennis Woodford (Friar Tuck). The show was put on successfully for a week

Maj.-Gen. L. A. Hawes, Mrs. Crean, Mr. J. A. Crean and Mr. C. B. Armatage



Mr. Michael Keegan, M.P., Mrs. Keegan and Major Alan Rook



Lord Stafford and Viscount and Viscountess Ashbrook



Col. J. P. Stanton, Mrs. Milne and Mr. C. Milne



*Michel Molina*

*By*

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

FROM Saville Sportswear comes a most unusual skirt (above) in pale grey velvet banded with wide insertions of printed silks in shades of pink, depicting medieval and Renaissance scenes. The soft grey and pink colouring makes this skirt highly adaptable, since it can be worn with a variety of tops and blouses according to the time of year and the time of day. It costs approximately 9 gns. and comes from Adrian, Regent Street. On the right is a good suit for country or town in the coming months. It comes from Windsmoor and is in pale oatmeal tweed with a rounded hip-length jacket, wide shawl collar and slim fitting skirt. At Harvey Nichols Little Shop, 12½ gns.

COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE





## AUTUMN

PHOTOGRAPHED in the champagne country, here is a selection of clothes to cover the transition from summer to the cool dampness of the "season of mists." The dress in Tiecil from Wetheralls Cleverchange separates (left) is a snuff coloured print on ice blue: price, with jacket, 15½ gns. Above is a jacket and skirt in knitted Donemara by Wetherall, also in the charming colouring of snuff and ice blue. Price 9½ gns. each. Below right: Linzi's slim as a reed dress in pale speckled tweed. It has high seaming under the bust which is accentuated by mock pockets. Price £7 7s. Far right: From Swyzerli comes a jersey suit in muted greys. It has a fitted collarless jacket and full pleated skirt. Price, approx., £25 at Harrods



*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
August 8,  
1956  
271*

VINTAGE





## *Appointment beside a dovecote*

AGAINST the romantic setting of a French garden and a weather-beaten dovecote are two enchanting evening dresses, one short and one long. Left is a charming cocktail or evening dress in pure silk organza which comes from a Swiss model house and which has a white panel on navy blue, caught up with red roses. £52 at Finnigans. Right: A floating dream of a dress from Paul Jonas. It has a high swathed bodice and long trailing skirt in delicate shades of pale mauve and deeper violet chiffon. Approximately 26 gns. at Peter Jones, Sloane Square



Michel Molinare



## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

FROM Harvey Nichols comes this attractive choice for cocktails and dining out. The basic theme of this dress is Sudan cotton, a long-stapled cotton which is the finest in the world, and which is now being incorporated in the most glamorous of materials and used by coutouriers everywhere. The exquisite dress is by Peggy Allen and is in navy blue lace which is Sudan cotton woven in Nottingham. It has a wide attractive decollete neck and full flared skirt. Price 16 gns. The beautifully shaped silver blue mink stole is £425, and the rhinestone jewellery prices are, Alice bands 45s., ear-rings 49s. 6d. The pretty blue cornflower hat with a velvet bow at the back is £10 19s. 6d.

## TWILIGHT SYMPHONY IN BLUE







A nylon golf umbrella, price £4 14s. 6d., and two new putters—the “Weetman” putter in hand-made aluminium, £3 10s. 6d., and the “American Model,” £3 10s. 6d. Obtainable from Lillywhites Ltd.

For the archery enthusiast, from Lillywhites come the “Merlin” steel bow, £10 4s. 7d., set of arrows, £6 8s., quiver and belt in green leather, £2 10s., waist bag, £1 5s., and green archery cap, £1 1s.



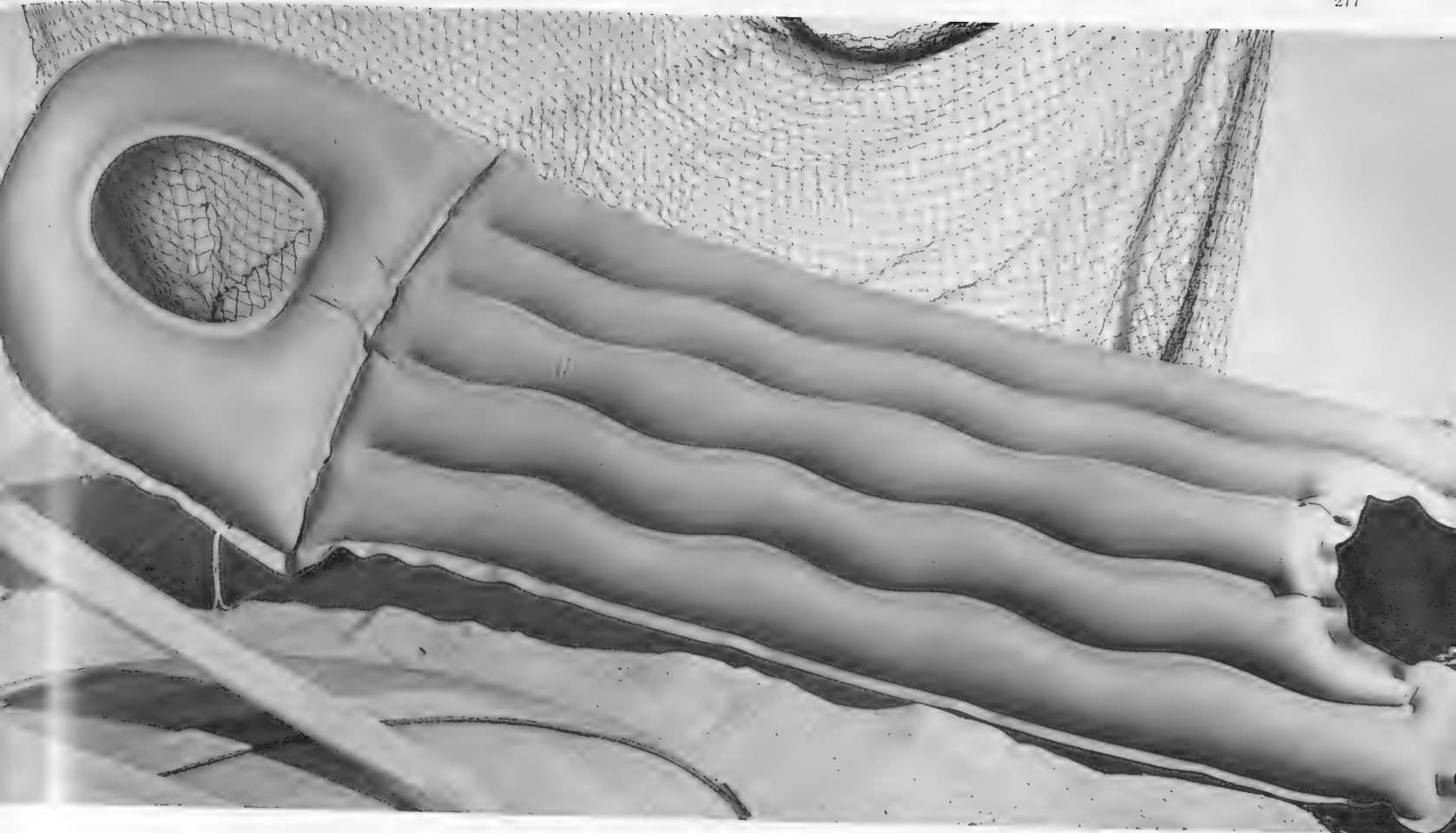
## Keeping in the swim

*SUMMER holidays can often be far from restful, many people finding sport the best form of relaxation. Here is some of the equipment which will provide you with even greater enjoyment on holiday this year*

—JEAN CLELAND



Children's dinghy in coloured plastic, price £2 10s.; a plastic beach ball, price 6s. 6d.; and a plastic dice, 8s. 6d. From Lillywhites

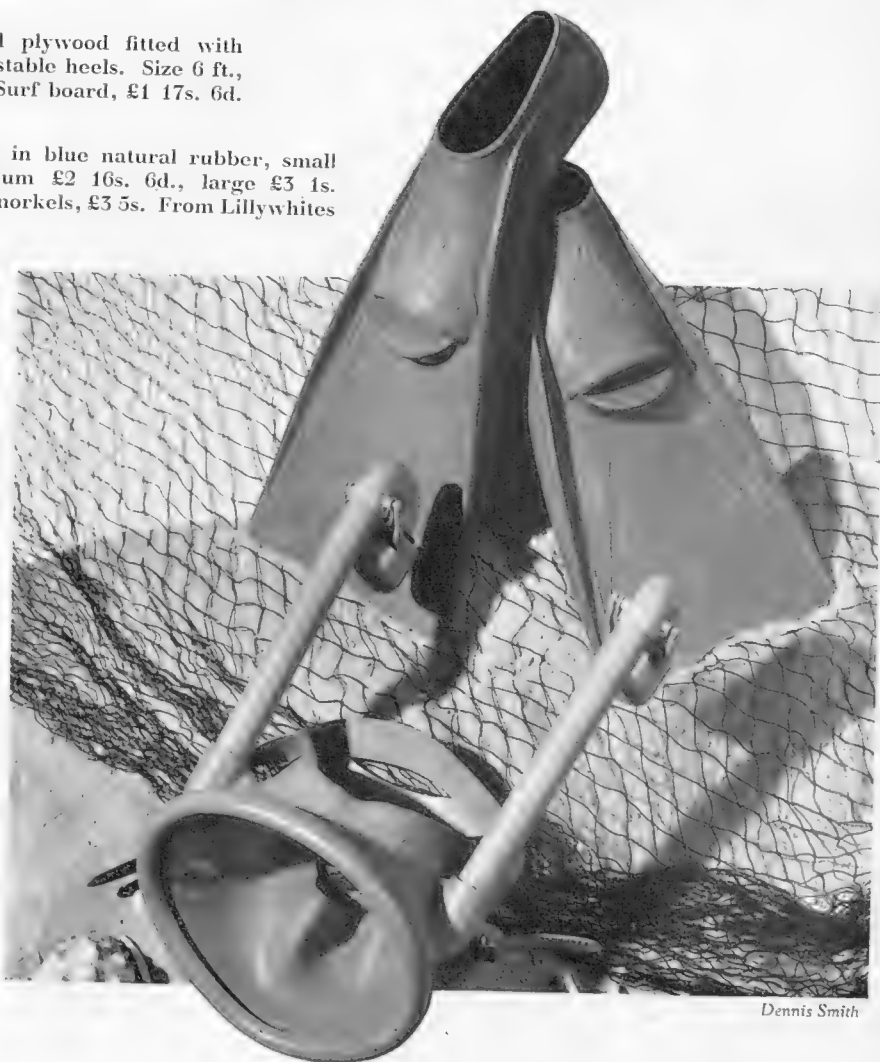


For lying in the sun or floating on the sea, the "Seethru bed," fitted with an observation panel, so that sun-bathing can be pleasantly combined with viewing underwater life. It is obtainable from Lillywhites and costs £3 17s.

Water skis made of moulded plywood fitted with standard foot binding and adjustable heels. Size 6 ft., £13, exclusive to Lillywhites. Surf board, £1 17s. 6d.



Cressi "Rondine" fins in blue natural rubber, small size £2 9s. 6d., medium £2 16s. 6d., large £3 1s. Cressi mask with two snorkels, £3 5s. From Lillywhites



Dennis Smith



Beauty

## Holiday for Feet

Jean Cleland



PERFECT FOR BEACH or bathroom are these comfortable and attractive Italian cork-soled slippers, decorated with cork and shells (right) price £2 5s. 9d., and the raffia and towelling mules (left) made in a variety of colours by Delta, price £1 1s. Both are obtainable from Woollands of Knightsbridge

IF there is one thing that rivals the weather for making or marring a holiday, it is the comfort or discomfort of the feet. Especially is this so for those who are likely to be taking more strenuous exercise than that which they habitually take at home. Long walks through woods and across fields, up hill and down dale, over uneven ground, often prove very hard on feet that have not been conditioned to this kind of exertion. Sightseeing, too, is exhausting if once the feet start letting you down. There is nothing for it then but to get back to the hotel and relax, no matter how many places of interest remain unvisited.

This being so, it seems worth while to give a little thought and attention to the feet *before* going away. Pre-holiday care is simple but rewarding. If the joints are inclined to feel a little stiff, which is often the case when one is no longer in one's twenties, it is a good plan to spare a few minutes for a little firm massage each night before going to bed. This can be done with skin food, lanoline, or any cold cream. Take a fairly good supply in the palm of the hand, and massage firmly over and under the instep, then from the toes to the ankle. Done regularly, this is wonderfully effective for firming the muscles, and keeping the joints supple.

In the morning, after the bath, splash the feet with cold water and rub well with eau-de-cologne or surgical spirit, to harden the skin and condition it against chafing. Puff all over with talcum powder, and shake some into the stockings. If the feet are inclined to get hot, it is better to use one of the special foot powders that help greatly to keep them fresh and cool. It is certainly wise to take a powder of this kind on holiday.

WHEN buying new walking shoes remember, while making sure they are not too tight, that it is just as important that the should not be too loose, especially at the back. Walk up and down and be certain that they do not slip at the heel, for this inevitably leads to blisters. Buy your shoes in plenty of time to "walk them in" before going away. A long stretch with new shoes is infinitely tiring; it is much better to get used to them gradually.

Something else to bear in mind before buying shoes, is the kind of place you are going to for your holiday. If there are likely to be cobblestones, as is often the case on the Continent, even moderate heels can be uncomfortable. An extra pair of shoes of the sandal type or something with wedge heels is a good idea. Crêpe soles, too, are much softer and more springy than leather for cobblestones, and you will probably be grateful for these.

You may or may not be in the habit of going to a chiropodist. Perhaps you are one of the fortunate people for whom this kind of expert attention is not necessary. Nevertheless, everyone should, I think, pay at least one visit before going on a holiday, if it is only to let the chiropodist give the feet the "once-over" and make quite sure that all is well. A pedicure, too, is a nice luxury, and makes you feel much happier about the look of your feet when it comes to going barefoot on the sands or wearing sandals or open-toe shoes.

SPEAKING of going barefoot on the sands, reminds me to remind you to take some beach shoes and bathing shoes, if your holiday resort has a beach that is pebbly. If there is anything more painful than hobbling down to the sea over stones that seem sharper than the serpent's tooth, I have yet to know of it.

Now for some of the tips which may come in useful while you are away: If your ankles tend to swell, you can relieve them and reduce the swelling by putting the feet up on a chair, and binding the ankles with a handkerchief wrung out in cold water and vinegar. If the feet hurt underneath while walking, this is probably due to callouses which can be greatly helped by wearing special little callous pads. If the arches start to ache, due to your being on your feet more than usual, get a small pair of supports and slip these under the arches. They are so soft and spongy as to cause no discomfort, yet they give sufficient support to take away ache and fatigue. Both the callous pads and supports can be bought at most good chemists.

Don't forget to pack a little box of Elastoplast, and slip this into your pocket before going on a long walk, just in case of blisters. If the day is hot, take also a stick of solid cologne. There is no quicker way of refreshing the feet than by running this above and beneath the toes, under and over arches and insteps, and round the heels.

Forewarned ahead of the holiday is forearmed while actually taking it, and should make for happy hunting and comfort afoot.



*Miss Osyth Vere Napier Leeston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Napier Leeston, of Trottiscliffe, near West Malling, Kent, has recently announced her engagement to Edward Francis, Earl of Guilford, of Waldershare Park, Dover, Kent*

Lenare

*Miss Shuna Mary Service, daughter of Mr. G. R. Service, of The White House, Great Sampford, Essex, and Mrs. Russell Weilenman, of The Hall, Tendring, Essex, is to marry Mr. George Erasmus Darwin, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Darwin, of Tangle Mere, Chilworth, Surrey*



Lenare



*Miss Lavinia Augusta Maude Coryton, youngest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. F. Coryton, of The Manor House, Greatham, Liss, Hants, is engaged to Mr. John Edward Grant-Ives, son of Capt. J. C. Grant-Ives, of Bradden House, Towcester*

Bassano

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Bassano

*Miss Margaret Talbot Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Talbot Rice, of Hill House, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey, has recently become engaged to the Rev. Edward (Teddy) Saunders, the son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. M. Saunders, of Littlewood House, Drayton, near Norwich*



Pearl Freeman

*Miss Elisabeth Clemency Cruttwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cruttwell, of Fowlers Cottage, Ashted, Surrey, has announced her forthcoming marriage to Mr. Michael Francis Cecil Cross, son of the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Cross, of Aston Tirrold Rectory, near Didcot, Berkshire*



Fayer

*Miss Charm Alys Quick, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Quick, of Recife, Brazil, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Francis Phipps, son of the late Sir Eric Phipps, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., and of Lady Phipps, of Lancaster Court, London, W.2*

# THEY WERE MARRIED



**Davidson—Norton.** The Hon. John Andrew Davidson, elder son of Viscount Davidson and Viscountess Davidson, M.P., of Norcott Court, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, was recently married to Miss Margaret Birgitta Norton, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. C. H. Norton, of Park Valley, The Park, Nottingham, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



**Archer—Birdwood.** Mr. Geoffrey Valentine Thynne Archer, youngest son of Major and Mrs. Gerald Archer, of High Salvington, Sussex, recently married the Hon. Sonia Gina Birdwood, daughter of Lt.-Col. Lord Birdwood and of Vere, Lady Birdwood, of Royal Avenue, Chelsea, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W.3



**Judd—Stuart Paton.** Col. George Richard Judd, of Great Waltham, Essex, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Judd, of Compton, Winchester, was recently married to Miss Mary Stuart Paton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Stuart Paton, of Melbury Court, Kensington, W.8, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square

**Gurdon—Terry.** Mr. Robert Temple Thornagh Gurdon, The Black Watch, younger son of Maj.-Gen. E. T. L. Gurdon, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Gurdon, of Burgh House, near Woodbridge, Suffolk, married Miss Elizabeth Ann Terry, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Terry, of Knowl Rise, Woking, at St. John's, West Byfleet, Surrey



**Neal—Bigg.** The marriage took place at the parish church, Chalfont St. Giles, of Mr. Hugh Robert Neal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Neal, of Park View Road, Ealing, and Miss Jane Sheila Bigg, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bigg, of Red Croft Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks

**Baker—Crispin.** Mr. George Jeffrey Wesson Baker, only son of Mrs. G. D. Baker and the late Mr. G. Baker, of Tettenhall, was married to Miss Gillian Margaret Crispin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Crispin, of Wrottesley Road, Tettenhall, at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels', in Tettenhall, Staffordshire



KING FAISAL OF IRAQ attended the Anglo-Iraqi Society dinner at Claridge's, on his recent visit to Britain. He is seen talking to Sir John Troutbeck, Her Majesty's Ambassador to Iraq from 1951 to 1954, and Lady Troutbeck



## Motoring

by Oliver Stewart

# KEEPING THE CUSTOMER HAPPY

LONG before he became Lord Kenilworth, Colonel Siddeley expounded to me the cyclic nature of motor car marketing.

He claimed that the profit or loss on the sale of a car to a new customer was indeterminable and of small importance, and that the success of a manufacturer depended upon inducing that customer to keep on coming back for more. A balance must therefore be held between satisfying the customer with his car, yet showing him in due course a new model which will make him want to change, and then helping him to change.

It is that last factor—the part exchange deal—that matters most. The maker must be continually bearing in mind used car values and must be trying to help his dealers to offer attractive exchange terms. Today more than ever the attitude towards car sales is being shown to be correct. It is, moreover, more generally recognized in the industry as correct. Look, for instance, at the plan announced by Ford only a few days ago.

It is called the "A1 Used Vehicle Plan" and is operated by all main Ford dealers. It is based upon systematic inspection and the ensurance of mechanical soundness before re-sale. This, in turn, allows the issue of a ninety-day warranty by the dealer. It is all the outcome, I understand, of the operation of the enormous spare parts and accessories dépôt at Aveley. To the customer it means the ability to buy a used car without worrying about whether it will blow up during the first few miles or, alternatively, the ability to become a repetitious Ford owner, changing for a new car whenever the whim dictates and always certain of an easy exchange deal.

But now the fatuity of the Government decision to create at Gatwick an alternative airport to London is being made clear.

MR. DONALD HEALEY (right) hands over the ignition key of an Austin Healey to Maj.-Gen. Roscoe C. Wilson, U.S.A.F.; the car is to be a prize in the 75,000-dollar fund set up by the U.S.A.F. to provide the organ in the rebuilt church of St. Clement Danes, which is to be the Royal Air Force Shrine of Remembrance. The handing-over took place in front of the church

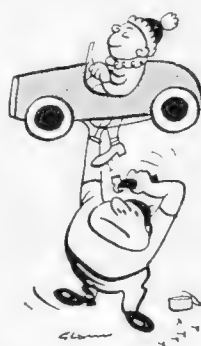
The Brighton road in July was repeatedly so heavily loaded that it became a highly inefficient avenue of communication, while the railway has long been notorious for the gross overcrowding of the trains. Yet soon on this road and this railway we shall have all the additional airport traffic thrust upon us. Motoring on A23 will become a nightmare. And the fact was made abundantly clear to the authorities before they made their decision.

ALTHOUGH some of the roads to the north—A5 is an example—are also overcrowded, I have found that, by selecting the right time of day, it is possible to get out into the country much more easily in this direction. If, therefore, a holiday tour is being planned and there are no compelling reasons for going south, I strongly recommend the north. I have often mentioned what a splendid touring ground Scotland is, and there are many parts of the north of England and even of the Midlands which are pleasing. It does make a difference if the journey can be begun without the horrors of a congested exit from London.

The Automobile Association's decision to extend its fleet of cars and motor cycles to include an aeroplane is further testimony of enterprise on the motorist's behalf. In the great days of private flying the A.A. was particularly active and had its aviation section or department. Mr. Cecil Orr, the public relations director of the A.A., was a great supporter of aviation.

I am admittedly biased, but I always hope to see the A.A. bringing together the powers of aviation and the powers of motoring. Together they could do so much more than they can do apart. And they both want the same things, because the aeroplane and the motor car are complementary.

To make aviation more efficient we want better road communications between airports and the cities they serve. And if only some of the loads now carried by lorry could be transferred to the air, everybody would be much happier. Perhaps the A.A.'s recent aeroplane acquisition will foreshadow a useful combination of road and air forces.



It was appropriate that Sir William Lyons should reply for the guests at the luncheon which marked the official opening of the Borg-Warner transmission factory, for the first British car to take up this automatic transmission as standard is the Jaguar. It is available on the Mark VII, the XK 140 fixed head coupé and the XK 140 convertible. This transmission is also used in the Humber Super Snipe.

I gave a brief description of the transmission when I tried a Jaguar fitted with it many months ago. The transmission is a combination of hydraulic torque converter and two epicyclic gear trains in series. There is also a multi-plate clutch for locking the appropriate gear trains. In top gear a single plate clutch comes into action to give a straight-through drive, thus disposing of a frequently heard criticism of automatic transmissions.



At the beauty bar, the Charles of the Ritz

Consultant counsels you on a course of skin-care

for you and you alone, as she hand-blends

face powder to your order

# Charles of the Ritz

At your favourite department store



Douglas C. Pike

MRS. REYNELL WREFORD is the wife of the composer whose witty and concise musical history of the Monarchy has recently been introduced on a long playing record (Oriole MG 10008). The first part of "Monarchs In Melody" was produced and arranged by Robert Tredinnick

## Gramophone Notes

### MONROVIANA

CURRENTLY Miss Marilyn Monroe is paying her first visit to this country. As an international personality of the screen her talents require no commendations from me, but it is possible that many may be quite unaware of Miss Monroe's small but particularly stylish and compelling contributions to the world of wax. In both "The River Of No Return" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," Marilyn Monroe showed once and for all that she could, if she wished, wipe the floor with most of the present-day female vocalists on records.

Her timing, attack and general interpretation of "I'm Gonna File My Claim" and "After You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It," confirm that Miss Monroe has much more than just the curvaceous to offer, and indeed the many who now admit this must be waiting for her next recording with anxious interest. (H.M.V. B.10723, B.10847.)

It must be more than a puzzlement to many that Dorothy Dandridge is not available on any brand of gramophone record. It is more than possible that she is too intelligent to fall in line with the general tendency to flood the market with recording of current "pops" willy-nilly, that she knows her value, and that she is prepared to wait until she has material she feels is right for herself and therefore acceptable to her world-wide public.

THE pity is that I feel sure Dorothy Dandridge is being far too aesthetically humble in her approach to the situation. Perhaps when she has time to turn round she will get herself the backing of a small top-notch group of musicians and begin weaving some records. I hope she will do this thing soon, if only to show how greatly work of the calibre she has to offer is needed in the supplements. Like Miss Monroe, Miss Dandridge can make most of the current female vocalists look and sound like empty peanut husks.

It's always a healthy sign when a new label appears on the scene and more especially when it reintroduces us to two British artists who thoroughly deserve world-wide recognition. They are many peoples' favourite singing couple, Teddy Johnson and Pearl Carr. Together they sing "Down By The Sugar Cane" with a very worthwhile accompaniment from Geoff Love and his band. The second side gives plenty of scope to Teddy Johnson's solo "Flamenco Love." (Polydor BM 6026.)

And whilst projecting my mind towards things to come I turn to the young singer from Leeds, Ronnie Hilton, who completely justified all the faith his entrepreneurs had in him. Listening to him singing "Who Are We?" and "Give Me My Ranch" I have no reason to doubt that in a very few years' time Ronnie Hilton will be one of the four most popular and "in demand" vocalists on records in the world. He has quite a deal of polish to acquire yet, but I don't think this extra bit of grooming is going to give him many heartaches (H.M.V. POP 221.)

—Robert Tredinnick



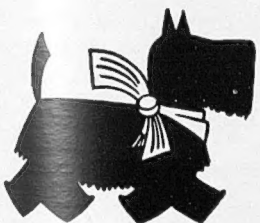
**The Best Gift  
of all  
for Britons  
Overseas!**

Close relations or professional friends . . . on the Continent or far away in the Antipodes . . . to them, few gifts would be as welcome as a subscription to The TATLER. Every issue bringing news of home and of events in London and the counties . . . a pleasant reminder of *you* as it makes its welcome appearance every week . . . and it's so easy to give! A note to the Publisher—the name and address of your friend—and he will do the rest.



Subscription rates for 12 months:  
Overseas £5.18.6 (Canada £5.14.6). Your regular news-agent will arrange a subscription; alternatively write to: The Publisher, The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2.

**KYNOCH**  
of KEITH SCOTLAND



**TWEEDS SCARVES**

de Luxe Rib Tread  
with wide rib for  
smooth riding . . .  
long mileage . . .  
easy steering.



**ANY WAY  
YOU LOOK AT IT  
GOODYEAR  
TUBELESS  
IS YOUR BEST TYRE BUY**

Today's most popular, most advanced tyre is the Goodyear Tubeless. Because it's built with exclusive Grip-Seal Construction it gives unequalled puncture and burst protection, maintains constant air pressure, is lighter, cooler running, easier riding, longer lasting. Any way you look at it Goodyear Tubeless is your best tyre buy. Prove it the very next time you need tyres. Fit GOODYEAR TUBELESS for greater reliability, safety and comfort at no extra cost.

**GREATER PUNCTURE PROTECTION  
GREATER BURST PROTECTION  
GREATER SAFETY  
GREATER RELIABILITY**



Goodyear Tubeless with  
exclusive Grip-Seal  
Construction for safest  
puncture and  
burst protection.



de Luxe All-Weather with  
extra-grip Tread, unmatched  
for today's fast family cars.

"Now good digestion  
wait on appetite,  
and health on  
both!"  
— Macbeth.



**ACID  
INDIGESTION**

Under present day stresses, more and more of us find acidity makes digestion difficult or unpleasant. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets, with their pleasant peppermint flavour, deal with this highly personal problem so promptly, unobtrusively and effectively that it is really no longer a problem at all.

**'MILK  
OF  
MAGNESIA'  
TABLETS**

12 Tablets 10½d. - 75 Tablets 3½d.  
30 Tablets 1½d. 150 Tablets 5½d.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

**SANDEMAN  
SCOTCH WHISKY**

*The  
King of  
Whiskies*



SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

## DINING IN

## Apples of Paradise

**T**OMATOES!—the “Love-apples” of France, the “Apples of Paradise” of Germany. . . . It seems almost a shame to cook good English tomatoes but, when they are as plentiful and as reasonably priced as they now are, why not? First, however, let me give you one of the most refreshing of all very simple *hors d'oeuvre*: Skin large barely ripe tomatoes—that is, when the calyces are strongly “minty.” Slice them fairly thickly. Sprinkle them with olive oil and wine vinegar, beaten gradually together and seasoned to taste, having at least four parts oil to barely one of vinegar. Finally, take a little chopped basil and strew it on top.

In addition, thinly slice a cucumber, leaving the skin on if you believe in this or peeled if you do not. Sprinkle with salt and leave for two to three hours. Press between two plates to express the liquid. Dress the cucumber with a little olive oil and sweetened wine vinegar, flavoured with bruised dill. Sprinkle tiny wisps of dill on top and serve with the tomatoes, in separate dishes, as a most pleasing light meal-starter on a hot day.

**H**ERE is a light luncheon dish, made with really large tomatoes—ideal for those who are anxious to keep weight within bounds, with the least possible unhappiness: Choose large just-colouring tomatoes. Cut a shallow slice off the stem end of each and scoop out the centres, leaving good “walls” of tomato. Sprinkle the insides with salt. Add a chopped small mushroom and a tiny piece of butter to each, then slip under the grill to cook, being careful not to overcook them. Meanwhile, make your creamiest scrambled eggs and pile them into the cases. Sprinkle chopped basil or parsley on top. The flavour of that tomato and egg combination is much more delicious if the tomatoes are barely red, being much more pronounced than when they are fully ripe.

Use the strained tomato pulp in a soup or sauce.

A dish which has become very popular in recent years is stuffed tomatoes *à la Provençale*. Strain the pulp from 6 large tomatoes. Add the juice from a crushed clove of garlic, 2 finely chopped anchovies (rubbed through a sieve), 6 to 8 tablespoons of breadcrumbs, a finely chopped good-sized onion, cooked in a little olive oil, and 1 to 2 finely chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes. Pile into the “shells,” sprinkle with further crumbs mixed with a little grated cheese, then slip under a fairly hot grill to brown.

**A**NOTHER filling I like very much is a risotto with bacon, mushrooms and the sieved tomato pulp mixed into it. Grill the “cases” of barely ripe tomatoes. Then pile the hot risotto into them and, on top of each one, place a small piece of butter into which chopped basil or parsley has been worked.

An easy-to-prepare dish is made with that superbly flavoured but much neglected fish—sea bream. Get the fishmonger to skin and fillet it. Place in a well buttered entrée dish. Top with very thinly sliced onions and sliced skinned barely ripe tomatoes. Add seasoning to taste. Dribble a little melted butter over the top and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a moderate oven (375 deg. F. or gas mark 5). Sliced mushrooms are also excellent in this dish. Place them under the tomatoes before baking as I have described above.

Mackerel, gurnet and hake are also very good when they are baked with this garnish.

—Helen Burke



FOUR STARS in varied professions, Ilona Adams, Anne Crawford, Nicky Gargano and Shirley Bassey, are seen admiring the roast beef-steak served from the trolley which is one of the delicious many varied specialities at the Seven Stars Restaurant at Corner House, Coventry St.

## DINING OUT

## Stars to turtles

**O**LD Joe certainly thinks up some bright ideas.” This scrap of conversation sums up in a very few words one’s impression of the Seven Stars, a new restaurant just opened at the Corner House, Coventry Street, next to their already famous Grill and Cheese.

They describe this as a “speciality English restaurant” and, in fact, have seven special star dishes, such as roast ribs of beef, carved and served from the trolley, for 6s. 9d., which includes horseradish sauce, a potato baked in its jacket with butter, or chives with cream dressing and a tossed green salad; roast beef steak at 8s. is served in the same way.

You can get half a grilled chicken and tomato for 8s., or, if you are in a hurry, just a potato baked in its jacket with butter, or chives and cream dressing, for 1s. 3d.

The three remaining stars are grilled sole, fried plaice, and a chocolate cake with fresh cream. There are red and white wines available from 9s. 6d. per bottle, some obtainable in quarter bottles.

It was Hilaire Belloc who wrote: “When you have lost your sins, drown your empty selves, for you will have lost the last of England,” which is very true; and the sort of pub he had in mind must have been one which I have just visited for the first time, the White Horse in the village of Droxford in Hampshire. It is a charming place, pink and pale blue and thatched; a free house, built in the eighteenth century, which was once a brewer’s house, but has miraculously escaped and is now free again, and run with great enthusiasm by Philip Marshall and his wife, who had previously been tobacco planting in Rhodesia.

**B**y the enterprising process of knocking down half the walls and ceilings in sight, they have discovered one or two magnificent old open fireplaces, old beams, and so forth, and done a powerful job in turning it into a really fine inn.

It is possible to dine there in the evening and they have an enterprising menu for a small village. Things like escargot and smoked trout are obtainable; turtle and kangaroo tail soup, the usual grills; specialities such as ducks, chickens and salmon, with a short but adequate wine list at very reasonable prices.

Talking of kangaroos, I spent an interesting hour going over John Lusty’s Works at Parnham Street, London, E.14. They not only make soup from the tail of the kangaroo, but other rarities such as sharks’ fin and birds’ nest soups while they have been making their famous turtle soup for over one hundred years.

I was shown round by Major Hailwood, who is sales director on the hotel and catering side. He was trained in hotels in France, Germany and Canada, and served as Catering Adviser to the Household Brigade for six years, being responsible also for the catering at the Coronation for the Commonwealth and Colonial troops.

He introduced me to Ralph Lusty—who might well be described as John Lusty the Fourth—who gave me a very interesting ten minutes on the remarkable and flexible construction of the turtle, which, incidentally, I learnt has three hearts. In honour of the occasion, Paddy Potter, the turtle soup chef, who has been turning turtle for over forty-five years, carved a whole one to pieces in front of me, an astonishing business, and presented me with two turtle steaks, with strict instructions as to how to egg-and-breadcrumb them and fry them slowly in butter, which I did and found them delicious.

So raise your glasses, gentlemen, and turn turtle!

—I. Bickerstaff

# Refreshingly Different

A delightful companion of gay hours is Coca-Cola, chilled for preference. It's refreshingly different . . . it has a subtle, fascinating taste, a welcome lift. That's because Coca-Cola is made with fine, natural flavours from nine sunny climes. You enjoy the lively taste of Coca-Cola to the last sparkling sip . . . at all the best places and parties *everywhere*.



*adds to the pleasure of any occasion*



BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



## "King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD • EDINBURGH • SCOTLAND



*A gracious welcome to your guests*

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-



## How B.O.A.C. takes good care of you

Travel by one of B.O.A.C.'s magnificent 4-engined airliners—and you'll quickly discover the full meaning of "*B.O.A.C. takes good care of you*". B.O.A.C. flight crews and cabin staff have over 36 years' experience behind them. On routes linking 51 countries on all 6 Continents, you'll be looked after as never before . . . served with sumptuous food and wines . . . *personally* waited on by courteous, efficient B.O.A.C. Stewards and Stewardesses whose sole aim is *your* comfort and convenience. Just fly once by B.O.A.C., and that's the way you'll *always* want to fly.

*Consult your local  
B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent  
or any B.O.A.C. office.*

**B·O·A·C** 

B R I T I S H   O V E R S E A S   A I R W A Y S   C O R P O R A T I O N